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GENERAL MARION ENFORCING DISCIPLINE

FRANCIS MARION. CONCLUDED.

It was while Marion was in his main force at the camp at Snow's Island, that two circumstances occurred which deserve mention, as equally serving to illustrate his own and the character of the warfare of that time and region. One of the occurrences has long been a popular anecdote, and as such has been made the subject of a very charming picture, which has done something towards giving it a more extended circulation. The other is less generally known, but is not less deserving of the popular ear, as distinguishing, quite as much as the former, the purity, simplicity and firmness of Marion's character. It appears that, desiring the exchange of prisoners a young officer was detached from the British post at Georgetown to the swamp encampment of Marion, in order to effect this object. He was encountered by one of the scouting parties of the brigade, carefully blindfolded, and conducted, by intricate paths, through the wild passes, and into the deep recesses of the island. Here, when his eyes were uncovered, he found himself surrounded by a motley multitude, which might well have reminded him of Robin Hood and his outlaws. The scene was unquestionably wonderfully picturesque and attractive, and our young officer seems to have been duly impressed by it. He was in the middle of one of those grand national amphitheatres so common in our swamp forests, in which the massive pine, the gigantic cypress, and the stately and ever green laurel, streaming with moss, and linking their opposite arms, inflexibly locked in the embrace of centuries, group together, with elaborate limbs and leaves, the chief and most graceful features of Gothic architecture. To these recesses, through the massed foliage of the forest, the sunlight came as sparingly, and with rays as mellow and subdued, as through the painted window of the old cathedral, falling upon aisle and channel. Scattered around were the forms of those hardy warriors with whom our young officer was yet destined, most probably, to meet in conflict—strange or savage in costume or attitude—lithe and sinewy of frame—keen-eyed and wakeful at the least alarm. Some slept, some joined in boyish sports; some with foot in stirrup, stood ready for the signal to mount and march. The deadly rifle leaned against the tree, the sabre depended from its boughs. Steeds were browsing in the shade, with loosened bits, but saddled, ready at the first sound of the bugle to skirt through brake and thicket. Distant fires, dimly

burning, sent up their faint white smokes, that, mingling with the thick forest tops, which they could not pierce, were scarce distinguishable from the smoke of the pipes of the British. But the most remarkable object in all this scene was Marion himself. Could it be that the person who stood before our visitor—"in stature of the smallest size, then, as well as low"—was that of the redoubtable chief, whose sleepless activity and patriotic zeal had carried terror to the gates of Charleston; had baffled the pursuit and defied the arms of the best British captains; had beaten the equal enemy and laughed at the superior? Certainly, if he were, then never were the simple resources of intellect, as distinguishable from strength of limb, or powers of muscle, so wonderfully evident as in this particular instance. The physical powers of Marion were those of a simple endurance. His frame had no iron hardness, derived from severe discipline and subdued desires and appetites, but lacked the necessary muscle and capacities of the mere soldier. It was the general, the commander, the counsellor, rather than the simple leader of his men, that Marion takes rank, and is to be considered in the annals of war. He attempted no physical achievements, and seems to have placed very little reliance upon his personal prowess.

The British visitor was a young man who had never seen Marion. The great generals whom he was accustomed to see, were great of limb, portly, and huge of proportion. Such was Cornwallis, and others of the British army. Such, too, was the case among the Americans. The average weight of these "offering generals" during that war is stated at more than two hundred pounds. The successes of Marion must, naturally have led our young Englishman to look for something in his physique even above this average, and verging on the gigantic. Vastness seems always the most necessary agent in provoking youthful wonder, and satisfying it. His astonishment when they did meet, was, in all probability, not of a kind to lessen the partisan in his estimation. That a frame so slight, and seemingly so feeble, coupled with so much gentleness, and so little pretension, should provoke a respect so general, and, for so long a time, so impressive, was well calculated to compel inquiry as to the true sources of this influence. Such an inquiry was in no way detrimental to a reputation founded, like Marion's, on the successful exercise of peculiar mental endowments. The young officer, as soon as his business was dispatched, prepared to depart, but Marion gently detained him, as he said, for dinner, which was in

preparation. The mild and dignified simplicity of Marion's manners had already produced their effects, and, to prolong so interesting an interview, the moment was served up. The officers of the party, and consisted entirely of roasted potatoes, of which the general ate heartily, requesting his guest to partake by his example, repeating the old adage, that "hunger is the best sauce." "But surely, General," said the officer, "this cannot be your ordinary fare." "Indeed, sir," he replied, "and we are fortunate on this occasion, in obtaining company, to have more than our usual allowance." The story goes, that the young Briton was so greatly impressed with the occurrence, that, on his return to Georgetown, he retired from the service, declaring his conviction that men who could with such content endure the privations of such a life, were not to be surpassed. His conclusion was strictly logical, and hence, indeed, the importance of such a warfare as that carried on by Marion, in which, if he obtained no great victories, he was yet never to be overcome.

The next anecdote, if less pleasing in its particulars, is yet better calculated for the development of Marion's character, the equal powers of firmness and forbearance which he possessed, his superiority to common emotions, and the mild gentleness and dignity with which he executed the most unpleasant duties of his command. Marion had placed one of his detachments at the plantation of a Mr. Geo. Crofts, on Saint Creek. This person had proved invariably true to the American cause, and supplied the partisans secretly with the munitions of war, with cattle and provisions. He was an invalid, however, suffering from a mortal infirmity, when compelled his removal for medical attendance to Georgetown, then in possession of the enemy. During the absence of the family, Marion placed a sergeant in the dwelling house for its protection. From this place the guard was expelled by two officers of the brigade, and the house stripped of its contents. The facts were first disclosed to Marion by Col. P. Horry, who received them from the wife of Crofts. This lady pointed to the sword of her husband actually at the side of the principal offender. The indignation of Marion was not apt to extend itself in words. Redress was promised to the complainant and she was dismissed. Marion proceeded with all diligence to the recovery of the property. But his course was governed by prudence as well as decision. The offenders were men of some influence, and had a small faction in the brigade, which had already proved troublesome, and might be dangerous. One of them

was a major, the other a captain. They were in command of a body of men, about sixty in number, known as the Georgia Refugees. Upon the minds of these men the offenders had already sought to act, in reference to the expected collision with their general. Marion made his preparations with his ordinary quietness, and then dispatched Horry to the person who was in possession of the sword of Crofts; for which he made a formal demand. He refused to give it up, alleging that it was his and taken in war. "If the general wants it," he added, "let him come for it himself." When his reply was communicated to Marion he instructed Horry to renew the demand. His purpose seems to have been, discovering the temper of the offender, to gain the necessary time. His officers meanwhile, were gathering around him. He was making his preparations for a struggle, which might be bloody, which might, indeed, involve not only the safety of his brigade, but his own future usefulness. Horry, however, with proper spirit, entreated not to be sent again to the offender, giving as a reason for his reluctance, that, in consequence of the previous rudeness of the other, he was not in the mood to tolerate a repetition of the indignity and might, if irritated, be provoked to violence. Marion then, with a request civilly worded, that he might see him at head quarters. He appeared accordingly, accompanied by the captain who had joined with him in the outrage, and under whose influence he appeared to act. Marion renewed his demand in person, for the sword of Crofts. The other again refused to deliver it, alleging that, "Crofts was a Tory, and even then with the enemy in Georgetown."

"Will you deliver me the sword or not, Major?" was the answer which Marion made to this suggestion. "I will not," was the reply of the offender. "At these words," says Horry, "I could forebear no longer, and said with great warmth, 'By God, sir, did I command this brigade, as you do, I would hang them up in half an hour!'" Marion sternly replied, "This is none of your business, sir; they are both before me!—Sergeant of the guard, bring me a file of men with loaded arms and fixed bayonets!" "I was silent!" adds Horry: "all our field officers in camp were present, and when the second refusal of the sword was given, they all put their hands to their swords in readiness to draw. My own sword was already drawn!"

In the regular service, and with officers accustomed to and bred up in the severe and stern sense of authority which is usually thought necessary to a proper discipline, the refractory offender would most probably have been hewn down in the moment of his disobedience. The effect of such a proceeding in the present instance, might have been of the most fatal character. The *esprit de corps* might have prompted the immediate followers of the offender to have seized upon their weapons, and, though annihilated, as Horry tells us they would have been, yet several valuable lives might have been lost, which the country could ill have spared. The mutiny could have been put down but at what a price! The patience and prudence of Marion's character taught him forbearance. His mildness, by putting the offender entirely in the wrong, so justified his severity as to disarm the followers of the criminals. These, as we have already said, were about sixty in number. Horry continues: "Their intentions were, to call upon these men for support—our officers well knew that they meant, if possible, to intimidate Marion, so as to make him come into their measures of plunder and Tory-killing." The affair fortunately terminated without blood shed. The prudence of the general had its effect. The delay gave time to

the offenders for reflection. Perhaps, looking round upon their followers, they saw no consenting spirit of mutiny in their eyes, encouraging their own; for, "though many of these refugees were present, none offered to back or support the mutinous officers"—and when the guard that was ordered appeared in sight, the companion of the chief offender was seen to touch the arm of the other, who then proffered the sword to Marion, saying, "General, you need not have sent for the guard." Marion, refusing to receive it, referred him to the sergeant of the guard, and thus doubly degraded, the dishonored major of the Continentals—for he was such—disappeared from sight, followed by his associate.

The following incident admirably illustrates Marion's great humanity.—He was dining at the hospitable table of Mrs. Moultrie, when it was whispered in his ears that some of Col. Lee's men were engaged in executing certain Tory prisoners. Marion instantly hurried from the table, seized his sword, and running with all haste, reached the place of execution in time to rescue one poor wretch from the gallows. Two were already beyond rescue or recovery. With drawn sword and a degree of indignation in his countenance that spoke more than words, Marion threatened to halt the execrable proceedings.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES. THE SADDEST WRECKS.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

Those are not saddest wrecks that lie
Beneath the ocean waves,
With all their freight of gold and guns
And in those lonely caves;
With the silent hearts of fair and young
The care worn and the old,
They are not saddest wrecks, O sea!
That lie in thy dark hold.

The temples reared in other years
Of finely sculptured stone,
With lofty nave and shrine and frieze
By time have been o'erthrown;
The owl amid the ruined towers
His lonely nest may build
And the raven flap his fearless wing
Where psalm and anthem thrilled,
Alas! for the wrecks that are sadder far
Than ships sunk in the seas,
Than the ruined nave with its lone domain
For the sadder wrecks than these;

For the ruined soul is a sadder thing
Than aught beside can be,
It goes forth like a buoyant bird
With song and melody;
Or like a barque on a summer tide—
But alas! the storm is near!
And it wrecks that barque on the waterside
When none to save are near,
Then falleth, smiteth the fatal blow,
And when breaks forth the morn
Its beams on the shattered fragments glow
Of a black wreck drifting on.

Alas! alas for the fated soul
That goes from the sweet green shore
Where the spirits of Love and Virtue sing—
And comes back nevermore;
Decay may claim the lofty fame
And ships go down at sea,
But so sad a wreck as a human soul
Never beside can be!

SOUTHERN AID SOCIETY.—The sixth annual meeting of the Southern Aid Society was held in New York, Monday. The report of the Secretary states that the missionary results of the society for the year have been very encouraging. The amount of money collected by the society during the year was \$15,000, about \$3,000 more than any previous year. The Rev. Dr. Cox, of that city, delivered an address, in which he severely denounced the disunionists, who are endeavoring to stir up strife between the North and South, and heartily condemned the Harper's Ferry plot, and the actors and abettors in it.

VERY SELFISH.—One of our exchange advertisers for two compositions "who don't get drunk," and adds that "the editor does all the getting drunk necessary to support the dignity of the establishment."

The French Classics.

BY GEO. W. COTHRAN.

FABLES OF LA FONTAINE.—Illustrated by J. J. Grandville. Translated from the French, by Eliza Wright, Jr., 2 vols. 12mo. New York: DERRY & JACKSON.

Truth loses nothing of its effectiveness by being communicated to man in any of the multifarious forms in which it may be brought to his comprehension. If there be any difference in the effect produced by the communication of truth or the inculcation of virtue, the odds are decidedly in favor of that mode of communication which gradually prepares the reader's mind for its reception, by the relation of some pleasant story or anecdote. Our curiosity becoming aroused and our anxiety awakened by the preface, the moral, falling like the snow from heaven, settles within our minds, as do the tremulous tones of a benediction. And it was by means of Fables, and Miracles and Parables, that the living impersonation of God imparted to erring man those great and immortal truths and moral axioms, by which he should be guided while a weary sojourner upon earth. It is a singular, as well as a very important, fact, that He never made answer, nor imparted any of those beautiful and useful moral lessons, for a knowledge of which we are indebted to Him, except in some such manner as this.

If we desire to find truth in all its pristine beauty and primitive worth, we must go and study Nature, as it came from the hand of the Creator; and thence up to the Creator himself, the fountain of all truth and loveliness. None but reasoning man errs; no creature under heaven violates truth but him. All other animate things spring into existence by reason of the laws of nature, live and die according to the laws of nature, leaving no monuments behind, emblematical of their wickedness or folly. Hence the most instructive and effective lessons which are taught by the great moralists, are drawn from nature, pure and undefiled.

The Fable, in centuries now reposing in the sepulchre of the past, was one of the most favored modes of imparting wholesome moral truths and precepts. It fulfilled the double purpose of pleasing the mind and at the same time of implanting those lessons never to be forgotten. They were narrated in simple and commonplace language, uttered by some animal of the forest, or by some inhabitant of the air, and in manner exactly adapted to the sphere which they occupied in the great scale of creation—all versed in natural history, that, commencing with the lowest order of animate beings, there follows a gradually ascending series, in the animal kingdom—the first possessing but one, and the lowest organ, and thence upward, each grade possessing one more organ than its immediate predecessor, until you arrive at the great culminating point, MAN, who possesses all the organs possessed by the entire animal kingdom, with REASON in addition thereto. Yet these inferior animals, devoid of reason, (as most naturalists contend,) are capable of teaching lessons in virtue, honor, bravery and fidelity, which puts even man to the blush.

The greatest fabulist the world ever produced was LA FONTAINE. His pre-eminent merits do not consist so much in originality as in the manner in which he imparts his moral lessons and his profound knowledge of human nature. Like the great dramatist, SHAKESPEARE, he culled all that was truly worthy and beautiful from the works of his predecessors (as the bee gathereth honey from the flowery world,) and, blending with it his own profound knowledge, wove it in imperishable song. The other fabulists wrote in prose, but LA FONTAINE discovered that a fable to be well told, and to be made effective, must be told in verse. He accordingly mingled the music of his poetical nature with his fables; and they are now read and admired throughout the civilized world, while the works of his predecessors and contemporaries, with few exceptions, are forgotten. In *Aesop* Fable found a father, but it was left to LA FONTAINE to develop it in its greatest degree of excellence and perfection. That upon which LA FONTAINE wrote seemed to possess a double significance. Obedient to his command, the whole animal kingdom spoke with one accord. He had simply to command, and instantly the lark or the raven, the lamb or the lion came forth, and in style, in accordance with their several natures, would tell their story illustrative of one of those excellent moral precepts which were invented for man's benefit and guidance. The language which he records as having come from the companions of his imagination, is so perfectly natural and so well adapted to the powers of speech, we should expect no other language from them. There is an easy, gracefulness, and an air of spontaneity about every thing he wrote, and which materially heightens our admiration. In this respect he differs from nearly all the other fabulists. The mind never wearies with reading his fables. I have just finished reading the two splendid volumes which now lie before me, and were there

as many more, I should not remain idle long until I had read them. And not only does the reader grow more and more interested in reading them, but he will turn back and read many of them again and again, with increased pleasure and satisfaction. And were we all so familiar with the morals with which they conclude that we could readily repeat them, I venture the assertion, that there would be more good men in the world than there now are.

In the language of another "His fables are more read, probably, than any other work, excepting the comedies of Moliere; more read by English readers than any similar works of English writers. They possess an indelible fascination, not merely for children, but for men, the 'children of a larger growth.' His thoughts are always fresh and natural; his little pictures of human life are perfectly drawn; the short stories in which human actors are introduced, are conceived in the same spirit as the fables of animals, and the moral is worked out with a clearness, distinctness and force, that make an indelible impression on the mind. His style is marked by the best qualities of the best writers of his age. It is familiar, yet elegant; idiomatic, but classic; pithy and pointed, without any apparently studied attempts at conciseness; and the versification is happily varied, and adapted to the various characters and trains of thought which is the poet's object to set forth. The exquisite terms of expression which so frequently occur in the fables of LA FONTAINE mark the peculiar character of the French language, and give a better idea of its idiomatic richness than the writings of any other author, always excepting the immortal comedies of Moliere. His humor is abundant, without degenerating into coarseness; his satire is keen, but never cynical. The faults, errors, and weaknesses of men are open to his searching gaze, but he is never misanthropical, never out of humor with his fellow-beings.—That such a writer should be universally popular, is not at all surprising; his works have gone through more editions than we shall undertake to count."

I had designed to write more at length on LA FONTAINE when I set down, but I must confess, with many eminent critics, that he is one of the most difficult of authors to write an essay upon. It is impossible to describe either his style or the subjects of which he treats. In order to fully appreciate either you must read for yourself. One encounters the same difficulties in describing his beauties and merits that an artist encounters in attempting to portray the exquisite charm of a beautiful countenance, when that beauty consists in the features themselves. "It is in vain that limners endeavor to fix upon canvass the changing 'Cynthia of the minute';" one look in her face makes us forget all their daubs; so with LA FONTAINE, a single page of his works will reveal to the reader more of his nameless graces than he would collect from us even though we were to follow the bent of our inclinations, and discourse more eloquently upon the subject, through a dozen pages."

It really gives me pleasure to commend to my readers the Fables of LA FONTAINE; and doubly so as they are, in this edition, so ably translated and beautifully published. This is a work that can be safely placed in the hands of youth, as well as in the hands of those of more mature age.—These excellent Fables will both interest and instruct. The tendency of their teaching is to purify and elevate. They have been the favorites of nearly every truly great man since the time of Louis XIV., when they were written. They have been universally admired on account of their moral teachings. The reading community certainly owe the publishers a debt of gratitude for placing this work in its market in so accessible and desirable a shape. As they are here issued they form but a link in the great chain of French Classics—embracing the best works of the best authors of France, now in course of publication by Messrs. DERRY & JACKSON. In conclusion, (for the present, as I intend to recur to this subject again hereafter) I would say, if you desire to spend several of the coming winter evenings pleasantly and profitably, read LA FONTAINE.

MASONIC.—The Grand Lodge of North Carolina, in session in Raleigh, last week, elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

L. S. Williams, of Charlotte, Most Worshipful Grand Master.
H. C. Lucas, of Fayetteville, Senior Grand Warden.
E. F. Watson, of Alamance, Junior Grand Warden.
C. W. D. Hutchings, of Raleigh, Grand Treasurer.
Wm. T. Bain, of Raleigh, Grand Secretary.

BIGGEST SALE YET.—The Commissioner's sale of the Youngblood negroes, on Monday last, was "hard to beat." Thirty-six slaves (ten or twelve of the lot being children under eight years of age, and two or three over forty) brought very nearly thirty-eight thousand dollars.—Make the average at your convenience.—*Edgefield Advertiser.*

THE MESSAGE OF GOV. WISE.

The Virginia Legislature assembled in Richmond on the 5th inst. Governor Wise devotes a very large portion of his message to the Harper's Ferry invasion. It will be perceived he differs from President Buchanan on the duties of the President to suppress invasion and in order that our readers may understand the positions occupied by Governor Wise and President Buchanan, we surrender more of our space for the following extracts from the message of Gov. Wise, than we are in the habit of doing for such documents:

On the 25th ultimo I addressed letters to the governor of Maryland, Pennsylvania and Ohio, of which the accompanying are copies. From the governor of Maryland I have received a very satisfactory reply herewith submitted. I have received a reply by telegraph, from the governor of Pennsylvania also who I am proud to say, has promptly performed his duty in delivering up the fugitives from justice, and who protests that his State will do her confederate duty in all respects. He intimates that Virginia ought not to anticipate that Pennsylvania will neglect to prevent obstructions to, or violations of the laws in her limits; but a watchful guardianship of Virginia's safety could not neglect to apprise Pennsylvania's authorities of crimes meditated against either State (of which I was informed and they were, probably, not informed,) by way of intelligence and warning. John Brown, with his associates, arms and stores had just before already passed through Pennsylvania, and had remained at places in her limits, and he had enlisted one man, at least, a negro, in one of her towns. I had not, therefore, anticipated the facts, but appealed to them for steps of prevention and precaution, after what had already occurred. And the governor of Pennsylvania, I presume, speaks more in the spirit of a just State pride than from such evidences of danger and cause of apprehension as the Executive here is in possession of, respecting combinations, depots and rendezvous in adjoining States for invading the borders of Virginia. From the governor of Ohio I have as yet received no answer.

On the same day, the 25th ultimo, I addressed a letter to the President of the United States, of which the enclosed is a copy. On the 29th I received from him the accompanying answer, to which I have not replied, but upon which I must here comment.

He seems to think that the constitution vests authority in the President to interpose to "repel invasion," or keep the peace between the States, in cases where the citizens of one State invade another State, unless the executive or legislature of the State invaded applies for protection. I differ from this opinion. Neither the Constitution nor the Congress of 1792 were guilty of so gross an omission in their provisions for the national safety.

By clause 3d of section 9th of article 1st of the constitution the States are deprived of the power, "without the consent of Congress, to keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, or to engage in war, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay."

To compensate them for this privation of the power of preparation for defence, it is provided in section 4th of article 4th, that "the United States shall guarantee to every State in the Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion; and on application of the legislature, or of the executive (when the legislature cannot be convened) against domestic violence."

Now, it is readily conceded "United States" here is taken to be synonymous with the words "The Congress." The clause is in juxtaposition with clauses defining the powers of "The Congress." And if they were not, by the 18th clause of section 8th of article 1st, to "The Congress" is given the power "to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution its own powers" and all other powers vested in the government of the United States, or in any department or officer thereof.

This duty and power then of guaranteeing protection to every State against invasion, belongs unquestionably to Congress. Has it exercised the power? It has. Thus:

To the Congress also is given the power "to raise and support armies," and "to provide and maintain a navy," and these are called, specially, "the land and naval forces" of the United States.

I presume that no one will gainsay the proposition that the chief object of these land and naval forces is "to suppress insurrections and to repel invasions."

But in addition to these powers, another is specially added: "To provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections and repel invasions." And I presume that no one will insist that the regular army and navy of the United States may not be ordered to execute the laws of the Union, and to suppress insurrections and repel invasions, without calling forth the militia or though the militia may be called forth to execute the same purposes.

This granted, the congress did pass the laws: 1st, to raise armies and to provide and maintain a navy, as well as laws for calling forth the militia.

And then, by article 2nd, the President is vested with the executive power. He is sworn faithfully to execute the office of President, and, to the best of his ability, to preserve, protect and defend the constitution of the United States; and he is made commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States and of the militia of the several States, when called into the actual service of the United States and he shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed.

Now, to revert to the 4th section of the 4th article:

In this section there are two things against which the United States guarantee protection to every State:

1st, against "invasions." No one kind of invasion or another, but simply "invasion" of all kinds, from every quarter; and no application for protection is required against "invasion." Whenever it comes however it comes, it is to be protected against. The word itself imports force from without—any force from without the State invaded, whether from foreign country, or alien enemies or Indian tribes; it is confined to no particular invasion. And against this the President has the means, provided by congress in the laws raising and providing a standing army and navy the land and naval forces of the United States, which need not be "called forth," but are armies already raised and standing and navy already "provided and maintained." The President is commander-in-chief of these, and may order them to repel actual invasion, as they are already in actual service without being "called forth." And he is surely as much bound to execute the constitution as the statutes of Congress. "The laws," to be executed, embraces both, and he has the means to execute both provided in the statutes for raising armies and providing a navy, as in the laws calling forth the militia.

But to proceed:

2nd. The second thing that every State is to be protected against is, "domestic violence." These words import force from within—a domestic force, acting in rebellion or insurrection or obstruction of the laws, against the State. To interpose against this there must be an application of the legislature, or of the executive of the State when the Legislature cannot be convened.

And under this clause of this section, special acts of February 28th, 1795, and of March 3rd, 1807, have been passed. They are wholly distinct from the laws of

the United States. The first clause of the 1st section of the act of 1795 relates to "invasions of the United States" from any foreign nation or Indian tribe. The 2d clause of that section relates to "insurrection in any State against the government thereof" &c., to "domestic violence," in other words, and not expressly or impliedly to "invasion of any State." And the 2d section of the act relates to obstructions of the laws of the United States, and not of any State. And the whole act, so far as it relates to the States, is an act to provide for "calling forth the militia," to suppress domestic violence, and not for commanding the land and naval forces already in actual service against "invasion."

Invasion of any State is in fact invasion of the United States. And the act of 1807 applies expressly to cases only of "insurrection or obstruction to the laws either of the United States, or of any individual State or territory. And if the President's construction of his power be correct, this act, which was intended undoubtedly to extend the act of 1795, and enlarge the provisions, would operate to restrict and contract its provisions. He could not use such part of the land and naval force of the United States as shall be judged necessary by him, without having first observed all the pre-requisites of the law for calling forth the militia. These acts, in a word, do not in word or meaning apply to cases of "invasion of a State," but so far as a State is concerned, to cases only of domestic violence; and where the militia are called forth on application of the legislature, or of the executive of the State rebelled against.

Here there was no "insurrection," no case of force from within. Invasion was threatened from without, by citizens of one State against another State. It is monstrous to say that there is nothing in the constitution or laws guaranteeing protection to a State in such cases. The Constitution is express. It needs in fact the laws only which have been passed—the laws of the Army and Navy of the United States, and the laws for calling forth the militia, to execute both of the clauses of protection guaranteed by the constitution to "every State in this Union." The men of 1805 made no such gross omissions. They understood their work too well for that. And what a spectacle the United States would have presented, if on the second, an army of fanatics had invaded Virginia to rescue felons legally convicted, and a bloody battle had been joined, and the United States land forces at Harper's Ferry had stood neutral spectators, guarding only the United States arsenal, and playing *posse comitatus* to a United States marshal, but not allowed to aid the execu-

tion of the laws of a State or to repel invasion, because the United States were not invaded "from a foreign country, or by Indian tribes." The bare statement is revolting to the 4th section of the fourth article of the constitution guaranteeing protection to every state against invasion; to every statute of Congress raising land and naval forces of the United States; to all the ends and purposes of those laws and to peace; to the oath and executive office of the President of the United States, to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution, and to see the law faithfully executed.

Such are my views of the constitution and laws. The views of the president, it seems, are different. I notified him of a just apprehension that this State was threatened with "invasion" by a predatory border war, to rescue prisoners convicted of high crimes and felonies, and to seize our citizens as hostages and victims in case of execution of the criminals, proceeding from several surrounding States.

He answers that "it would seem almost incredible that any portion of the people of the States mentioned, should be guilty of the atrocious wickedness, as well as folly, of attempting to rescue convicted traitors and murderers from the penalty due to their crimes under the outraged law of Virginia."

I reply to him, through you, gentlemen, that it is strange this should seem so incredible, when the very "convicted traitors and murderers" were portions of the people of the States, mentioned who had just been convicted of invading our border, and seizing a United States arsenal, and of perpetrating treason and murder, against both the State and the United States authority. And I surely may be allowed latitude for acting on the mass of information I have received, of renewed invasion, when, perhaps, pardonable inattention at Washington, to warning of the murder and treason at Harper's Ferry, left an arsenal and a people defenceless against that invasion!

I did not call on the President to protect Virginia, and would not do so. I apprised him of apprehensions "in order that he might take steps to preserve peace between the States." I had called out our own militia, and they are a thousand-fold ample to defend their State. They have had not only to guard their own border, but to guard, in part, the arsenals of the United States. The President has, however, manifested a "cheerful and cordial" disposition to defend the place ceded to the United States at Harper's Ferry; he sent a small guard as soon as informed that it was unguarded, and has reinforced that property clearly within federal jurisdiction, but to prevent the insurgents from seizing the arms in the arsenal at that place, and using them against the troops of Virginia. "Besides," he says, "it is possible the additional troops may be required to act as a *posse comitatus* on the requisition of the marshal of the United States for the western district of Virginia, to prevent the rescue of Stevens, now in his custody, charged with the crime of high treason."

Then for these objects—1st to keep the arms of the United States out of the hands of the invaders of Virginia; and 2d. To act as "*posse comitatus*," to a United States Marshal, the land forces of the United States may be used; but 3d. Not to prevent invasion of one State by the people of another State. And he says he can discover nothing in any provision in the constitution of the United States which would authorize him to "take steps" for the purpose of preserving peace between the States, "by guarding places in surrounding States which may be occupied as depots and rendezvous by desperadoes to invade Virginia." As I understand his interpretation of the constitution and laws, he cannot call forth the militia nor employ the land and naval forces of the United States "for this purpose." He says it is the duty of the respective state governments to break up such depots and to prevent their citizens from making incursions, &c.; but that if the federal executive were to enter these States and perform this duty for them, it would be a manifest usurpation of their rights. Were he thus to act, it would be a palpable invasion of State sovereignty, and as a precedent, might prove highly dangerous. Now this is new doctrine, and teaches even Virginia a lesson of State rights, which destroys her constitutional guarantee of protection by the United States against "invasion," by abolition fanatics from other States. They are not from any foreign country, nor are they Indian tribes. The fanatic from free States, such as John Brown and Stevens, he says, in effect, are not invading Virginia; they are not "from any foreign nation or Indian tribe," rendering it lawful for the President to employ the federal forces to repel such invasion.

These are alarming doctrines to the invaded States. And however the argument, or the error may be between the President and your executive, this at least is clear, that if I am right in my views of our guarantee of protection in the case before us, imminent as it is, he, the executive of the United States, does not concur with, and will not enforce the protection we need; and on the other hand if he

is right, and we cannot legally claim that the United States shall keep the peace between States, and guarantee one State against invasion from another, the federal executive cannot interpose to repel or prevent the invasion. In either case, we are clearly thrown on our self-dependence. We must rely on ourselves, and fight for peace! I say then—To your tents! Organize and arm!

The constitutional guarantee of protection is withheld, whilst we are invaded from all around, and this withholding will inspire the sympathizers in felony, against our property and lives. To defend ourselves, and to suppress sympathy in insurrection, which must multiply felons against our peace and safety; and if they did not intend invasion before, will make them enact it now; under this construction of State Rights to disturb and State Rights to defend the public peace, we will need all our forces for the conflict. I therefore recommend to you more energetic measures than the President compliments me for adopting on the side of peace against invasion.

I repeat:

1st. Organize and arm.

2d. Demand of each State in the Union what position she means to maintain for the future in respect to slavery, and the provisions of the constitution and the provisions of State laws for its protection in our federal relations; and be governed according to the manner in which the demand shall be answered. Let us defend our own position or yield it at once. Let us have action and not resolves—definitive settlement, and no more compromising the constitution, and no more compromise.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 9th, '59.

The opening of Congress—The body of "Old Brown"—Self-ruling Envelopes—Sudden Death—Gen. Jessup—Funeral of Washington Irving—The Weather

On last Monday, though it was a very disagreeable day, the Hall of the House of Representatives, and the Senate Chamber, presented a very lively aspect, it being the first day of the Session: at present the lower House of Congress is as far off from an organization as it was last Monday. The whole day yesterday was spent in the discussion of the slavery subject, and not one vote was taken for Speaker. There is much interest felt here as to who will be elected to that office. The Senate yesterday adjourned over until Monday next, the debates in that Chamber, though preserving the appearance of coolness and decorum, were not the less replete with sectional feeling on that account. It has certainly had the effect to show the country that there cannot be much peace between the two sections, unless Northern sentiment and action be made to assume a less hostile spirit towards the institutions of the South.

The execution of "Old Brown" at Charlestown last Friday passed off quietly; and about two hours afterwards his body was taken to Harper's Ferry where his widow and two friends awaited its arrival; they immediately started for North Elba, the last resting place of his remains. Brown's execution it is said, has greatly depressed the remaining prisoners, and they all appear to be looking forward with certainty to their impending doom.

The Post Office Department, in order that a fair trial should be given to the new self-ruling stamped envelopes, has ordered an additional million of an improved pattern.

Dr. D. Crawford, a gentleman widely known in Prince George's County, Md., was found dead in his bed last Monday morning.

General Jessup is still, as he has been for several months past, incapacitated by sickness from attending to his public duties.

The funeral of Washington Irving took place at Tarrytown last Thursday, it is said to have been a day long to be remembered in that town; business was suspended, almost every house was draped in mourning, besides the tolling of all the church bells for several hours; thousands of persons from the surrounding counties and cities followed the remains of this illustrious writer to the grave. He has left a large fortune to be divided amongst his nephews and nieces.

After five days of gloomy, rainy weather, during which the sun was not once visible; last Wednesday night the wind changed to the northwest and with it came hail. Yesterday morning the clouds dispersed, and the sun came out as bright as ever, the streets and side-walks were covered with sleet. The wind has been high and the temperature intensely cold for the past few days, evidencing the fact that winter is at hand with all its rigor.

Ohio is certainly not the most moral place in the world, if we are to judge from the fact that there are now 860 convicts in the penitentiary of that State.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C., Dec. 12th.

The "John Brown" Excitement—Extensive forgery of Bank notes—Another abolitionist on the tapis—Times' Prize Stories—Accident from Fire Arms—Curious Calculations—The City Invaded—Christmas Coming.

Dear Times:—Your readers have, of course, noticed the popular demonstrations at the North on the occasion of Brown's execution and those who considered the matter were doubtless surprised to notice how little excitement, on the whole, the affair caused; showing evidently that the attempt to connect any considerable or respectable body of men therewith was unsuccessful. That there were some even, high in position and authority there, who are deeply implicated, we do not doubt, but for the honesty and integrity of the masses we hope better things. In Philadelphia, a large meeting was held and prayers offered; in New York, the same proceedings were held. At Albany a hundred guns were fired; at Boston a mass meeting of the darkies was held which was addressed by several of both colors, including two members of the Legislature; a collection was also taken up; the darkies too, held prayer-meetings; the Legislature refused to adjourn. One of our city papers rather extravagantly predicts that "the godly city of Boston went into mourning, fasting and prayer, and from fifty pulpits the Praise-God-Bare-bones belched forth volumes of blasphemy and treason;" we have not seen any evidence to sustain so broad an assertion. In fact in many instances the obnoxious actions seem to have been only the whims of certain over-enthusiastic individuals and not to have been sustained by the general feeling of the communities. It would have been much better from the first if the Press had refrained from saying so much about "the Harper's Ferry affair;" when from its thousand tongues the North and South poured forth fire and fury at each other, no wonder matters rapidly grew worse between them; far better would it have been if our depraved tastes had not been pandered to, and the whole squad of miserable villains had been hung in a bunch the day they were taken, without so much parade, delay, marching and counter-marching.

The recent extensive forgery of the notes of the "Philadelphia Bank" will be likely to attract much attention to the subject; some \$20,000 are ascertained to have been passed in New York and Philadelphia and probably more than that elsewhere. The whole subject of Bank note Engraving needs a thorough revision and if the present state of things continues, we shall be obliged to relinquish the use of paper money entirely, even though there may be as much risk in the metallic currency. The Bank of England, after many experiments has concluded to abandon the complicated and part-colored notes and expensive engraving, now in common use; their notes are exceedingly plain and on the most ordinary looking paper, but the death-penalty awaits the detected forger. In this country Engraving is mostly under the control of a combination of all the firms, centered in Boston and with all their skill they have not been able to make a note which shall defy imitation. It seems to us that if the notes were perfectly plain with a single mark, easily remembered and recognizable, each person would readily detect a slight variation from the true one, but where a note is exceedingly complex it requires a practiced eye to detect a variation; in such an intricate combination the attention is confused and lost in the maze of lines, dots and colors.

The notorious Helper is again before the Public; this time in a more conspicuous position than he ever before occupied: the House of Representatives the other day spent five and a half hours talking about him and his book; this is the very thing he and his friends wish and it will aid him in his infamous projects; our neighbor of the Register promises him a "home in the bosom of his native soil" if he ever ventures into this latitude again. Your readers may rely on having a rare treat in your "prize stories;" we learn from a gentleman who has the means of knowing that they will compare favorably with any that have ever been published North or South. We bespeak their favorable attention, knowing that they will certainly be pleased; and we also offer you our congratulations on your success, hoping you may secure an abundant reward.

Our city papers contain two very melancholy cases of death from the incautious use of fire arms: one happened in the neighborhood of this city and resulted in the immediate death of the wife by the hand of her husband. He had risen very early to shoot a wild turkey, leaving her still in bed, and on taking down his gun, by some mishap, it went off and the entire charge entered her head, tearing out the top of the skull. Her brother went out to bring her in to a little merry-making, but when he arrived she was a corpse; it is feared the husband may go crazy.

The advertisement of the Congressional Globe, in your last paper, contains some curious calculations, which we extract for the entertainment of your readers: it states that the Reporters employed on that sheet can each take down accurately 10,000 words an hour, while the average number spoken by a fluent speaker is about 7,500; and that the average number of pages required to contain the debates of the long session is about 3,900; number of words on each about 2,400 making about 9,360,000 words for a long session; how much of this is mere waste of breath we dare not say.

Our City has been particularly favored of late by an influx of organ grinders, map sellers and book peddlers and "maimed, halt and blind" beggars generally; they seem to be doing a good business and doubtless make more money than they could at an honest calling; as long as they thrive so well, they will continue to come.

Our Winter Pork is beginning to come in suggesting glorious thoughts of Christmas, "hog and hominy;" Price 8¢@9 cts. Yours &c P. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 5th, 1859.

The Opera—Imposing Religious Ceremony—The Harper's Ferry Excitement dying out—The Cotton and Sugar Trade—State of the River &c., &c.

The great event of the past week here, has been the opening of the new and magnificent opera-house, which has been built during the past summer by the contributions of our merchant princes. The opera chosen for the occasion was that of "William Tell," a piece admirably adapted to test the strength of a new company. Every part of the building was filled to its utmost capacity with a fastidious and fashionable audience, and the opera proved a complete success. It is now certain that New Orleans excels New York in operatic matters—even judging the latter by the far-famed Academy of usie. In other ways gaiety reigns supreme among our people. Circuses, Panoramas, Museums, Race Shows, Balls, Masquerades, and Theatres are in full blast; every taste, from the highest to the lowest, has its appropriate diversion.

Yesterday the St. Louis Cathedral, the largest and most magnificent of our churches was the scene of a grand and impressive ceremony. The occasion was the consecration of Rev. Dr. Quinlan as Bishop of Mobile. Among the distinguished ecclesiastics who participated, were Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati, Bishop Spalding of Louisville, elder of Natchez and Archbishop Blanc of this city. The spacious aisles and galleries of the church were densely thronged and the Orleans Battalion of Artillery were present in full force and performed their evolutions during the services. The mingling of the clashing steel, the majestic tones of the organ and the solemn chant of the celebrants produced quite a beautiful and picturesque effect.

The excitement generated even in this remote locality by the Harper's Ferry emeute has subsided with the death of its mad leader. It is well for Virginia and well for the South that neither threat, nor entreaties have availed to save John Brown from the expiation of his heinous crime. His end will warn the foolhardy fanatics of the North from soon again becoming the tools of the more cautious but not less criminal politicians, who, lacking the brute courage to carry out their atrocious principles in person, hesitate not to urge their unwary followers along the path which too surely leads to the gibbet.

Business daily grows more brisk. The Cotton planters, cotton shippers, cotton factors and cotton brokers have their hands full. Along the whole levee the bales are piled close and thick, and the cry is "still they come!" The sugar crop, now just coming in, has been a very successful one—the prices are high and everything betokens a prosperous business season.

We have lately had a few heavy rains which have raised the river and consequently facilitated navigation. These were greatly needed.

STYX.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

KEY WEST, Fla., November 15.

Southward ho!—Cruising Around—City of Cardenas—Execution of a Chinaman—Sabbath Observance—Capture of a Slave, &c.

Messrs. Editors:—I embrace my first opportunity to fulfil the promise to you to keep The Times posted with the cruise of the United States steamer Mohawk, as she prosecutes the search for slavers in the Gulf and among the West Indies. We sailed from New York on the first of October, for the north coast of Cuba. On the 8th day we put in at Charleston for a short stay, steering from thence, ran along the everglade coast of Florida for 200 miles, and finally anchored off Orange Key, one of the Bahama's, and kept a "look out" for a slave. We ran down three vessels, but found them to be merchantmen.

We next put in at Cardenas, Cuba, but on the 14th, seeing a suspicious brig coming in, we hove anchor for a chase. The

brig happened, however, to see us first, and was already putting back to sea. Having a stiff breeze and the advantage of being further out to sea, she out ran us, though we chased her until night. A heavy gale springing up from the North, we gave up the chase and put back for the island, anchoring at the mouth of the harbor, twenty miles from the city of Cardenas.

The gale continued to blow for fifteen days, completely shutting us in during that time. After it abated, we cruised about the harbor's mouth and along the coast, putting in at the same anchorage every night. Needing a fresh supply of wood and water, we went up to the city of Cardenas, and spent several days. I had the pleasure of visiting the city. It is built in the regular Spanish style, and bears the marks of "a good old age."

The houses are mostly of stone, with iron grating, like a menagerie's cage, for windows. The floors are also of stone. The city is built on low marshy land, surrounded by Mangrove trees, with a sprinkling of Cocanuts. At a distance of twenty miles is a range of mountains, called the Papis, which adds a romantic appearance to the city. But going ashore and wading through the mud and water, (in consequence of recent rains) produces quite a different sensation. Here I witnessed the execution of a Chinaman. He appeared perfectly indifferent as to his fate. The Chinese believe in the transmigration of the soul, and meet death with the greatest fortitude; they believe their soul will go back to China to assume its new existence. It is unnecessary to give you a description of the Garrotte the instrument of death, as I presume you understand its operation. The Chinaman was suffered to remain in it until after six o'clock in the evening.

The officers of our boat were invited to a Ball on Sunday night. I do not make great pretensions to christianity, but I declined going, or rather, I declined dancing. It was a regular aristocratic Ball, and all the "big bugs" of the city were out. On the same evening, we were also invited to a masquerade ball. I also took a peep at this. I could recognize no one present, and therefore, did not know their class of society. I have no doubt there were present, many of the first ladies of the city, but I could not class them all thus, for one of them attempted to steal the band from my cap.

With the negroes, the Sabbath is one continual fête day. Some twenty collect together and get a hollow log or a barrel, stretching a hide over both ends, they all commence striking it with their hands, and yelling the most discordant sounds, dancing like so many mad men. This continues all day, and they seem to enjoy it exceedingly; but really there is something so *operatic* in the music, I cannot say I enjoy it.

While in the city we visited the American Consul. He treated us with very great kindness, and informed us that a slave had landed a cargo of Negroes the day before we made our appearance on the coast. They landed the Negroes about twenty miles above the port, and then set the brig full sail and sent her to sea with lashed helm and scuttled bottom, to sail until she sunk.

We left Cardenas on the 6th November to cruise down the coast towards the eastward. We made Lower La de Grande on the 9th. We did not visit the city; it was some twenty miles from the port in the interior of the island. We blockaded the harbour until the 18th, and then hove anchor and started again for Cardenas. Cruising up the coast, we saw a brig in towards the shore in a strange place, and sent to it an armed boat. The crew of the brig saw the boat coming, and made their escape, after taking away all the coal and despoiling the vessel as much as they could. We found the vessel to be a slave and took possession of it. It has since been forwarded to New York. We are now anchored at Key West, Florida. My health is good and I enjoy this climate very much. Yours, MOHAWK.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, Dec. 7th, 1859.

Charter Election—More Machines Broke—Sewardism and Democracy—Wood's Triumph—The Five Points in Bloom—Old Brown—Phillips—Beecher—Cheever—Sympathy for the South.

As I predicted in my last letter, the notorious Fernando Wood has been elected Mayor by 3,000 majority, and yet by only a little over a fourth of the registered voters of the city. Mr. Opdyke was used by Thurlow Weed as a tool, as was Freeman in a larger campaign by the same party leaders—to bleed and retire, for the good of the party in the days to come. Each had just enough ambition to run, not sense enough to refuse, and money enough to waste to cause them to repent it the balance of their days. But Republicanism had in both cases to be strengthened by excitement, by folly and by money. The Americans broke its back in the late election, and for revenge Mr. Weed, its great high priest, made a tilt at Tammany Hall, to show in 1860 that

its spinal marrow was deficient, unable to crush out freedom in the next battle, and he succeeded by dividing its forces and sympathizers; and now the Tribune lays the defeat of Opdyke on the Americans, whom it declared three weeks ago were not 3,000 strong. Yet Opdyke is beaten by the greatest knave making 8,000 votes. The result is that two more "machines" are broken, and Sewardism is in a glee over Tammany democracy, which, if Wood is true to his instincts, will be superseded in two years by an Albany Regency City Charter. Wood and the present Common Council are adequate to finish any job ever yet "started." The Wood party are about half drunk this morning—the other half were drunk before—and the "Five Points" are in full bloom to-day, as they all know "the good time's coming" now.

Mr. Havemeyer had two failings that were destructive to his success, viz: he was a free soiler in 1848, and an honest man in 1850—both incompatible with city supremacy, for unless a man can drink, lie and steal, he is deficient in "executive ability." The Herald, Wood's brother-in-law, makes yesterday the most exciting in the annals of the city, which is as near the truth as that paper ever comes. There was ten times the excitement in Tieman's election and a larger vote.

"Old Brown" was passed through the city the past week, and his great high priest, Wendell Phillips, met him here and went West with his remains. To-morrow they bury the "saint," the "apostle," the "hero," and the "martyr!" do, do, horsethief, man-stealer and murderer! Cheever still serves his master, the devil. Beecher, who always governs his addresses by the manner they "pass out," has become lenient and patriotic; Brown did not succeed.

A very large, influential and enthusiastic meeting will be held here, expressing sympathy for the South, and their approval of hemp for traitors. It will be composed of all parties, except the Woolies and "Oswatomies." Dr. Sehon and two missionaries from the South are here; the latter are going to China to convert the heathens; pity they could not stay here, where the enlightened and educated portion of that race reside.

The day Brown was "suspended," Cheever and Beecher's churches were crowded, and many short prayers said and sung—I say short, because their authors having no acquaintance with the Lord, their ejaculations fell where they were uttered. The great moral question seems to be in Congress who is the greater, Brown the dead lion, or Helper the live ass.

Yours respectfully, M.

AN IMPROMPTU SPEECH.—I remember once, when I was a young man living up in New Hampshire, they dedicated a new bridge, and invited a young lawyer to deliver an oration. The lawyer had never yet, after a fortnight's practice, had the honor of being retained; and the opportunity of establishing a reputation was admirable. The day came, and with it to the bridge came the multitude and the orator. He had made no written preparation, that being, he had been told, un-lawyer-like—a lawyer being supposed to be capable of speaking without note or notice, any number of hours, on any subject, in a style of thrilling eloquence. So our orator trusted to the occasion. He stood out upon the platform, and amid the profound attention of his audience commenced: "Fellow-citizens, five-and-forty years ago, this bridge built by your enterprise, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness!" He paused a moment. "Yes, fellow-citizens, only five-and-forty years ago, this bridge, where we now stand, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness!" Again he paused. (Cries of "good, go on.") Here was "the rub." "I felt it hardly necessary to repeat, that this bridge, fellow-citizens, only five-and forty years ago, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness; and I will conclude by saying that I wish it was part and parcel of it now!"

CONSUMPTION AND ASTHMA CURED.

DR. H. JAMES, discovered, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefiting his fellow mortals, he will send to those who wish it, the recipe containing full directions for making and successfully using this remedy, free, on receipt of their names with stamp for return postage. There is not a single symptom of consumption that it does not at once take hold of and dissipate. Night sweats, peevishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles.

Address O. P. BROWN & CO., 32 and 34 John Street, New-York. (47-2mp.)

THE TIMES.



GREENSBORO, N. C.

SATURDAY, Dec 17, 1860

G. C. COLE, }
J. W. ALBRIGHT. } Editors and Proprietors

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES.

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ED. ST. GEO. COOK,
Mrs. C. HUTCHINSON,
GRIFFITH J. MOORE,
and others.

To Newspaper Dealers.

The Publishers of THE TIMES will make very liberal terms with Newspaper Dealers throughout the South for supplying them with copies of THE TIMES for 1860. Dealers are respectfully solicited to send us their names and in return we will send circulars on terms.

The Disunion Spirit.

The cry comes up from every direction, the Union will, the Union ought to be dissolved. At the first blush of affairs there appears to be some reason in the moves thus making, and we are not surprised to see what we see, and hear what we hear. It is the natural effect following its cause. For years leading ministers, politicians, editors and lecturers of the North have desecrated the pulpit, the forum, the press and the lyceums with incendiary harangues; Southern institutions have been caricatured, misrepresented, abused and denounced in such terms as to instil prejudice and the intensest hatred into the hearts of such of the populace as became imbued with the doctrines thus disseminated; and with such, to free a negro with the life of the owner, was the acme of philanthropy. The Beechers, the Searses, the Greelys and the Phillipses are the prime movers, the drummers who beat up the Browns and conditors for insurrection, murder and treason. And that these movements, coming from the leading Northern men, should stir up feeling in the South, is but reasonably to be expected; and if we cry "we will not fellowship with such men in national affairs," who can say nay?

Slavery is acknowledged by the constitution of the United States as property; and as such the constitution pledges federal protection to the owner. And this protection, therefore, is due slaveholders whether in a slave State or in a territory which is equally the property of slaveholding States with other States. When these rights are not protected, but are suffered to be abused, and that too by citizens of States under the federal authority, the slaveholding States have a right to complain, to murmur against the federal government and the individual States offending, to dissolve the compact in case their wrongs are not avenged. And the question now to be discussed, is, shall the Union be dissolved?

To us the Union is a sacred compact, written and sealed with the purest patriotic blood. And sooner than see it rent we would, as an individual, make any sacrifice; and as slaveholding States we ought to bear much before we are driven to such a step. We do not believe the North is ready to adopt John Brown as a representative man; nor Beecher, nor Seward, nor Greely. Dissolve this Union! They are not prepared for such a step, neither are we.

Our rights are sacred, and we should never demand them; but we would enquire wherein will we be benefited by disunion? Would it stop the slavery agitation? Would it protect us from the evils of insurrection? Would it stop the stealing and running off of negroes? Would it cause the peaceable surrender of a slave to his master if found in a free State? Then wherein would we be benefited?

It is not to be denied that we live in the midst of strong agitations. The imprisoned winds are let loose; the East the North, and the stormy South are all combined to make the whole ocean toss its billows to the skies, and disclose its profoundest depths; but we still have hope for the Union—there may be peace within it, we know there is none without it. Our solicitous and anxious desire is, therefore, for the restoration to the country of that quiet and that harmony which make the blessings of this Union so rich and so dear to all.

Disunion may be discussed on paper and in political harangues without very material damage; but when it is attempted, let us rather hear the wailings of natural blasts and mildews, pestilence and famine, than the crash of dismembering States, of the dissolution of this great government. "He who sees these States now revolving in harmony around one common centre, and expects to see them quit their places, and fly off without convulsions, may look out the next day to see the heavenly bodies rush from their spheres, and jostle against each other in the realms of space, without producing a crush of the Universe."

Peaceable dissolution! A concurrent resolution of all the members of this great republic to separate! Where is the line to be drawn? What States are to be associated? What is to become of the army? What is to become of the navy? What is to become of the public lands? Alas! what is to become of America? Where is our flag to remain? Where is the eagle still to soar aloft? or is he to cower, and shrink, and fall to the earth?

We may trust that Heaven will not forsake us, so long as we do not forsake ourselves. The constitution has enemies, secret and professed—hot headed, self sufficient and headstrong; but to counteract the efforts of these malcontents, the friends of the constitution must rally. All its friends, of whatever section, whatever their sectional opinions may be, must unite for its preservation. To that standard we must adhere, and uphold it through evil report and good report. We must sustain it, and meet death itself, if it comes. With this spirit, we believe the Union will continue to survive all the dangers with which it may be menaced, however trying the circumstances in which it may be placed, until long after it shall have fulfilled the great mission confided to it, of example and encouragement to the nations of the earth who are struggling with the despotism of centuries, and groping their way in a darkness once impenetrable, but where the light of knowledge and freedom is beginning to disperse the gloom.

PROFESSORS IN THE TENNESSEE PENITENTIARY.—The Knoxville Whig furnishes the following names of recent accessions to one of the State institutions. At the late Kingston court, Professor Huggins, who figured here with Professor Fowler, as Phrenologist, was sentenced to the Penitentiary for one year, on the charge of stealing books. The Professor is a Vermont, and has given out a number of charts in East Tennessee, flattering and pleasing the vain and weak-minded to the life. At the same court, a Mr. Huggins, Professor of Penmanship, was sent for four years, on a charge of writing a slave a free pass, and attempting to run him off on the Railroad, either with a view to secure his freedom, or to cash him in a Southern market.

The presents of Her Majesty from Maharajah of Cashmere, of a Cashmere shawl tent, and solid gold bedstead, of the value of £150,000, were brought to Windsor Castle on the 2nd of Nov., and were temporarily placed in the Throne-room, previously to a formal presentation to the Queen by the gentlemen under whose charge they were brought from Cashmere.

Among the Magazines.

We cannot better begin a brief resume of the characteristics and claims of various American periodicals, at this particular season when everybody is renewing old subscriptions or forming new ones, than by calling attention to our Southern favorite, *Russell's Magazine*. This fine periodical was established to meet a commonly felt want in the South, and to give utterance and circulation to the opinions, doctrines, and arguments of the educated mind of the South especially, and to a free discussion of all the topics properly embraced in the range of a magazine. Its literary standard is high, and, in more than one particular, the magazine reminds us of imperial Blackwood. Especially able is its Review department, which to us is always a sort of index to the ability of the rest of the periodical. Russell is now in its sixth volume, and is better deserving of a liberal support from the South than at any previous period in its history. The South has not taken hold of it as it should. We throw this out as a hint which we trust will be taken in the right quarters.

Different entirely from Russell, and directly adapted to the wants of the antiquarian and historical students in every part of the country, is *The Historical Magazine*, issued monthly in N. Y., by Mr. Charles B. Richardson, at two dollars per annum. Contributors on historical subjects connected with the early history of the country, fill its pages from such writers as Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, Winthrop Sargent, Benson J. Lossing, W. Gilmore Simms, and other eminent historians, besides which the various State Historical Societies throughout the country make it the official medium for the reports of their interesting gatherings. This magazine is to American antiquarian history what the famous Notes and Queries is to that of England.

With the majority of magazines *The Great Republic Monthly* also enters upon a new year on the first of January. This magazine by presenting a large amount of reading matter, an abundance of illustrations, good, clear, bold type, and stout white paper, has secured a large share of public favor. We believe that Major Jack Downing—he whose famous letters used to set General Jackson in a roar—is at the helm here, and we strongly suspect the Major of "doing" the witty papers on Seven Years in Yo Western Land. The magazine is gradually improving in merit, and we see announced for the new volume a lengthy novelette, *The Prophet*, or *Scenes of Border Life*, by Elizabeth Oakes Smith, one of the most popular writers of the day. Published in New York, at three dollars per annum, by Messrs. Oaksmith & Co.

The Atlantic, under the new management, promises to be less sectional than heretofore. James Russell Lowell is still the leading editor, aided by Dr. J. W. Palmer, author of *Up and Down the Irrawaddi*, California Sketches, etc.

Mr. Frederick Gleason's new enterprise, to be conducted simultaneously with his well-known Pictorial, is to be called the *Literary Companion*, and will be one of the best of the Boston journals, and the largest of them all. Each number will contain sixteen large pages, and the contents will be varied and attractive to readers of every taste.—Mr. Gleason's well known Pictorial is also to undergo a change of form at the beginning of its new volume, on the first of the year. It will adopt the size and appearance of the old Pictorial so successfully introduced by Mr. Gleason ten years ago, and since imitated in Harper's Weekly, etc.

The American edition of *All the Year Round*, Charles Dickens' fine periodical, is now issued only as a monthly, the first monthly number of the second volume being just ready by the publishers, Messrs. J. M. Emerson & Co., New York. Dickens has a fine corps of contributors to aid him in this work, among them being Wilkie Collins, who possesses much of Dickens' own style, Barry Cornwall, Wm. M. Thomas, William and Mary Howitt, Mrs. Gaskell, and other equally celebrated English writers. The Tale of Two Cities is now completed, and will be followed

by other stories and pieces by the distinguished author, whose contributions will appear hereafter exclusively in his own periodical. It is one of the most readable magazines published.

Any recapitulation of leading periodicals, would be incomplete without the introduction of Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co's famous *Reprints*, the ablest and most noteworthy periodicals of the day. The last issues from their press, comprise the last quarterly numbers for the present year of the *Grand old Edinburgh Review*, and the *London Quarterly*.—These were preceded by Blackwood, and the *Westminster*, and will be followed in a few days by the *North British*, completing their issues for the present quarter. In the *Edinburgh*, A Visit to England in 1775, will be found full of curious information; Carlyle's *Frederick the Great* is sharply reviewed by a critic who holds a trenchant pen; and eight other articles on various subjects are enclosed, written with that witching rhetoric, and glowing vigor characteristic of this masterly periodical. We know not where better or cheaper reading can be found than in these Reviews; and if the reader would invest ten dollars, richly worth a hundred, he should subscribe to the whole series, as published by Messrs. Leonard, Scott & Co., New York, and Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

South Carolina Legislature.

The legislature of South Carolina is in session at Columbia, and judging from the various resolutions introduced, the spirit of disunion is very high.

In the Senate, Mr. E. B. Bryan, of St. John's Colleton, offered a resolution, to the effect, that South Carolina appropriate \$100,000 towards the erection of two laboratories in the South for the manufacture of implements of war.

In the House, Mr. F. D. Richardson, of Charleston, offered a series of resolutions, declaring that the Harper's Ferry movement should be regarded as an assault upon the institution of slavery in all the Southern States; that regarding it as such, it was the duty of the entire South to make common cause with Virginia; that the expenses incurred by her in putting down this movement should be borne by all the Southern States, in proportion to their slave population; that movement being the legitimate fruits of the teachings of the Abolition States, the slaveholding States ought to demand indemnity from them for the expenses incurred; and that Governor Gist be requested to tender to the State of Virginia the proportion which South Carolina may be allotted to pay.

Mr. W. D. Simpson, of Laurens, offered a series of resolutions, declaring that in the opinion of this General Assembly, a dissolution of the Union is inevitable, sooner or later; and that the best interests of the South require it as soon as possible.

Also, that South Carolina has been ready since the passage of the Convention Ordinance of 1852, and is still ready to secede; and that in case of an invitation from other Southern States, the Governor be authorized to convene the General Assembly and provide for the election of delegates to a Southern Congress for the purpose of forming a Southern Confederacy.

CENTENARY OF AMERICAN METHODISM.—The one hundredth anniversary of the introduction of Methodism into the United States is to be appropriately celebrated by that denomination in 1860.

DISAPPEARANCE OF A LAKE.—The *Plumas* (California) *Argus* learns from W. S. Deat, Esq., who recently returned from Honey Lake Valley, that Honey Lake has literally dried up! Susan river a respectable stream, and as full as usual at this season of the year, fails now to reach the basin of the lake, sinking in the earth far above it. Immense quantities of fish have been destroyed by the event, and now he decaying on the deserted bed. It is remarkable that a lake twenty miles wide and forty miles long should disappear so suddenly.

"T is our turn now," as the autumn leaves said to the West wind, "You be blowed," was the reply, and the leaves blushed at the rudeness.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
Lines Addressed to a Skull.

BY PAUL IYANWOOD.

Ever at the quiet hour, in the Summer or the Spring,
At Autumn dreary, Winter weary, sits this silent thing;
If I'm napping, gently napping, or chatting to a chum,
Or if tapping with my foot, or if keeping mum:
There it sits—paleless, toothless—as if "gloating o'er"

What is done—ever there—just above my chamber door!
'Twas many and many a year ago I remember—
In that ever cold and rainy month, November,
When the fire hisses and crackles from the burning of the coal,
"Ghastly grim and ancient" skull, once the owner of a soul,
That you came—well do I remember the countenance you wore,
As to-day, the same, unchanged, now above my chamber door.

Of in the midnight dreary, when the soul is hush'd with fear,
When the mind is tired and weary, and o'er the eye a tear,
And all without is like the dead! not a foot is heard to tread!
And the sky is dark with clouds, as if all from earth had fled!
Ghastly skull! I welcome thee, and of thee do I implore,
Not to leave me, but watch me, just above my chamber door.

When you came I shock with fear! but my soul did bid you stay,
And did murmur, murmur, you like that will be some day!
Ah! ah! the terror of that thought, and the fear which it wrought,
Shrieked! stay! for pale I was from the terror of that thought
Ever there, never changing, "ghastly ancient skull of yore!"
Never speaking, as if thinking, above my chamber door.

What a woe of sadness does thy presence ever bring—
How it kills the gladness of some happy future thing,
Ah, what a tale of horror, how the heart does sorrow
To think that on the morrow your image we may borrow,
Perhaps in our own, that earthly home, there forever more,
Remain, as you do now, just above my chamber door.

Yet ghastly skull I've learnt to greet thee with a feeling mild
Like some pleasant image which is welcomed by a child,
Strange fancies are ever floating o'er my brain of thee,
Perhaps thou wert once a fair maid alive with glee,
Ah, can it be, can it be, tell me, tell me! I implore!
Not a word is spoken by the skull above my door.

Were you ever young? bathing in the fresh waves of life?
Can any bring have kiss'd those lips and call'd thee wife?
Hast thou joined in the merry dance with the gay and fair?
Have flowers and jewels deck'd that once, may be, unburnt hair?
What of thy home? Where and whom thou art I long to see
Not a word is spoken by the skull above my door.

There it sits grinning, grinning, from its woolly seat,
Never leaving for the cold, nor the melting heat:
Ever patient—never sleeping, but all in keeping—
Has been staring at my soul, as if weeping
For its sins—a soul that's lost for ever more—
Still the skull seems weeping o'er my chamber door.

What is left but an hour? How we hasten to death,
Dropping like the autumn leaves is the ceasing of our breath,
What's a month? What a year? Ah, the summons loud and clear,
Horror! how we shake and quake with awful fear!
As might have done this ghastly skull, this skull of yore!
Which has set for years just above my chamber door.

*Supposed to be that of a female.
Lovell Cottage—New Haven.

SLAVES LIBERATED.—By the will of the late Lewis Y. Christmas, of Warren county, N. C., ten favorite slaves have been liberated, and a sum of \$10,000 left to be divided among them when they leave the State. The residue of the property consisting of about 100 slaves and a very large quantity of land, is willed to D. D. Jones, Esq., proprietor of White Sulphur Springs, Warren county.—[Warrenton (N. C.) News.

ENJOYMENT.—Mankind are always happier for having been happy—so that if you make them happy now you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it. A childhood passed with a due mixture of rational indulgence, under fond and wise parents diffuse over the whole of life a feeling of calm pleasure, and in extreme old age is the very last remembrance which time can erase from the mind of man. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having once made an agreeable tour, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure, which contributes to render old men so inattentive to the scenes before them, and carries them back to a world that is past and to scenes never to be renewed again.

TWO LIVES.

BY JULIA SUTHELL.

Her matchless eyes
Are like a stream where heaven's blue
brightness
Is mirrored with a deeper hue;
Her form, half fay-like in its lightness,
Helps us to think that glorious blue
Came from the skies.

Her lips are red,
Curling with beauty's conscious power:
Pride slightly mass their faultless mould;
No rose disturbs the lily-flower
Which o'er that cheek, like moonlight
cold,
Is whitely spread,

Her shining hair
Was woven by an angel's fingers
And gilded by the dawning light,
So that a gleam of glory lingers—
Those golden glimmers faint and bright—
In beauty there.

And this is one
For whom I keep a love half holy.
Though watered by a rain of tears:
She, of the lofty, I, the lowly—
Well, other souls, in by-gone years,
Worshipped the sun.

And we must part,
She to fulfil each worldly duty,
I to engage in worldly strife:
Man will not let such wealth and beauty
Mate with an humble, loving life
And honest heart.

Our paths divide,
Hers winding through a maze of flowers,
Blooming with hope and joyous youth;
Mine leads through pleasant, shady bowers,
With sun-gleams of content and truth,
But naught of pride.

But, lady, when
Above thy tomb the sculptured marble
Shall proudly point towards the skies,
And o'er my grave the wild birds warble,
What difference will angel-eyes
See in us then?

WILLIAM WATERS,
OR
THE MISANTHROPE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

It was in the middle of October, and the noon-day sun shone brilliantly on the gorgeous foliage of the beech-woods that skirted three sides of the beautiful Vale of Mount Airy, hanging like a fringe of gold and vermillion down the slopes of the elliptical chain of hills, while the meandering waters that threaded the depths of the shrine-like dell, gleamed like diamond tapers between the pendant branches of its attendant willows. Commanding this view, and sheltered behind by the woods stood a large castellated mansion surrounded by pleasure-grounds, replete with all the glories of autumnal blooms. Scarcely a breath of air stirred the hanging beeches, or a sound intruded on the peaceful quietude of the dale, save when a solitary robin poured forth his sweet melancholy notes, or an occasional sheep's bell was heard from the grazing flock. Suddenly the rustling tramp of a horse's hoofs was heard descending swiftly an embowered and leaf-strewn hill path, and a minute or two afterwards, an equestrian, superbly mounted, emerged from the crimson shade, and urging his steed, bounded o'er the greensward towards the mansion. A moment's glance would suffice to show to a casual observer that, undeniably handsome as were his features, and commanding as was his presence, the former were neither irradiated by benevolence, nor tranquilized and harmonized by peace and content. Indeed, the shadows of dissatisfaction, and the furrows of care, darkened and saddened the noble brow, while annoyance and disappointment slightly distorted the small, classical mouth. Arrived at the house, he threw himself upon a sofa and thus began to murmur:

"Well, for the future I shall leave these obdurate tenants of mine to their fate; it was a conviction of duty alone that induced me to take this step, to make this proposal to them, and then to be suspected of a mercenary purpose; pshaw! If such were the case I should take a different plan than by erecting a school-house. Once I fondly dreamed of regenerating manhood. But my dreams were but bubbles. What a shadow came over my soul, when first my confidence was abused—but now, the hour of grace is passed—henceforth I shall be the stern, unyielding dispenser of justice."

Two years had rolled away, and William Waters had inflexibly adhered to his resolution, when one balmy evening in April, as he was sauntering through the woods he came unexpectedly upon a small party, apparently composed of persons of the middle class, who were gathered round one of their number, who appeared to have been taken severely ill. Her face was still blanched with a paleness approaching that of death, and her eyes were almost expressionless, so fearfully agonizing had been the spasmodic struggle that had just convulsed her, and had so nearly quenched the still feeble breath of life. Over her hung, in anguish, that was harrowing even to witness, a young girl, whose countenance, veiled as it was by grief that approximated to despair, struck

Mr. Waters as being singularly attractive, so truthfully did it appear to mirror every feeling that passed through her mind, every alternation of fear or hope; while her broad, clear brow indicated high mental capacity united with the most unsuspicious candor. When he turned to her companions, the contrast was remarkable, he could scarcely credit that their officious anxiety, their expressions of concern were sincere, they impressed him so vividly with the idea that they were but playing a part. As soon as he discovered, from the interrupted and ejaculatory dialogue that was carried on between the different members of the party, that it was feared that the invalid would finally sink before she reached her own home which was five miles distant, he politely offered his own house for the reception of the sufferer. Tremulously, but gratefully, the daughter accepted his offer, and the invalid was soon rendered as comfortable as luxury could make her: every attention being lavished on her and her daughter, and the best medical aid within reach expeditiously summoned to the assistance of the almost unconscious mother.

Weeks passed, and still the patient was unable to leave the sumptuous apartment provided for use, and her daughter who sedulously attended upon her, consequently saw but little of their host, whose interest in his fair guest was very far from diminishing. All he heard of her increased his admiration, and her unaffected devotion to her afflicted parent, her evident superiority to female vanity, joined to a certain composure and self-reliance that was utterly unalloyed by the pettishness of conceit or assumed consequence, had already won his esteem, and he soon, as he became better acquainted with her, had occasion to observe proof of a singleness of purpose, uninfluenced by the conduct of others, which claimed his respect, while it thawed his habitual frigidity, and vanquished his cynical and suspicious reserve. And by degrees, the dim, black waste of irreclaimable wickedness, that seemed to his morbid imagination, to environ him wh-ever he went, became illumined more and more by the pure reflection of her goodness, until the harder or more hideous features of the wilderness lost much of their repulsiveness, and a peculiar mournful beauty began to invest the past, present, and future.

It was a lovely evening, not a breath of wind fanned the rich, clustering roses that embowered the lower windows of the mansion, and decorated the grounds beyond in the ditingling glory of June. That day, for the first time, had Mrs. Fennell, left her weary couch of pain, and she was now seated at the window of her apartment, her eyes wandering languidly over the beautiful prospect unfolded to them. All at once, she turned them upon her daughter's countenance, and startled and alarmed by the pallor of her cheek, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Alice, you are destroying yourself for me—how very ill you look. Do my dear, go and refresh yourself with a walk this beautiful evening."

Alice cheerfully complied, to please her mother, and languid as she was, wearied by her long vigils, she soon felt revived by the loveliness around her—Passing through the garden, which was more beautiful than extensive, she followed the windings of the rivulet, until, oppressed by a sense of lassitude and fatigue, occasioned by want of rest and anxiety, she leaned against the broad trunk of an ancient willow, and gazed musingly in the limpid waters. A slight noise soon disturbed her reverie, and turning round she saw Mr. Waters. He expressed much pleasure in seeing her out, and begged to be allowed to show her a rustic seat a little farther on. Suddenly a shadow glided by on the sunny stream, and looking up, Alice perceived a man on the opposite side, who, walking noiselessly on the green turf, had approached them unperceived. There was something remarkably repulsive in the countenance of this person, the cunning it expressed was darkened by ferocity. No sooner did Mr. Waters see this person than his whole demeanor changed. The frankness, the happiness, that of late had begun to distinguish it, vanished entirely, and scorn, contempt, and abhorrence eclipsed every nobler sentiment. After the lapse of a few minutes, he turned to Alice, and said:

"I never encounter that wretch without feelings of horror and detestation, and with a presentiment that something evil is about to happen. Yes, Miss Fennell, that man is a poisoner—nay, do not start, only the brute creation has suffered from his malice, but the worst of it is, that I can produce no direct proofs of his crime."

Alice gazed on him inquiringly. "Let me," he continued, "relate a passage in my life. When I first inherited this estate, my desire to reform mankind was not a simple wish, a hope, a trust, it was a passion, it engrossed my waking hours, and tormented me in dreams. My attempts were met with coldness, and distrust, I became enraged—and vowed that henceforth they should obtain nothing from me but justice. I took pleasure in detecting and punishing crime, and among others, this villain, whom you have just

seen, was imprisoned for stealing wood from my plantation. His time had scarcely expired when a favorite cow was found maimed to such a degree that I had to kill her. Shortly afterwards a valuable horse sickened and died. A beautiful hound was the next victim. Other deaths followed. Circumstantial evidence was strong against this man, yet not sufficient to convict him. After a time he disappeared from this part of the country—do you wonder now at my feelings at seeing him so unexpectedly?"

A month had elapsed since Alice had listened to the story Mr. Waters had related to her, and during the interval, her mother's health had been so steadily improving that it had been decided to leave the next day. In vain, had their host entreated them to make his house their home a little longer, they would not listen to his offers.

The sun had set behind a vast mass of accidental clouds, bordering their purple folds with an edge of fire, and the air was still sultry and oppressive, when Alice wandered forth in the beech-wood glades, she had not proceeded far before Mr. Waters overtook her and contrary to his usual habit, he maintained a strict silence. Alice felt embarrassed, and was seized with an undefinable dread of what he might say next, then she censured herself severely for the fear, the expectation—accused herself of indecency in dreaming for a moment that her image could dwell in his thoughts; the very idea shocked her—and the consciousness of her poverty and obscurity, compared with his wealth and station, fell like an incubus upon her. She started, for low, guttural accents fell upon her ear, what was said, she knew not; her heart beat so violently, but she felt, rather than listened to the passion they breathed, and ere long she became aware that he was visioning future happiness, future improvement,—aware, that he felt that wealth, rank or power were nothing to him if not shared by her. He was silent, she knew that he had entreated for a reply, but speech seemed denied to her; at length, with averting face, she held out her hand—he seized it—kissed it—and was happy.

Years have passed since then, and once again are the beechwoods arrayed in their solemn, autumnal glory, the rival sparkles in the sunshine as of yore, and flocks grazed peacefully on the willowed banks, and once again William Waters is riding down the leaf-strewn path. But he is not here threatening the path alone, a gentle, thoughtful looking lady, is riding by his side, and his countenance, no longer cynical is beaming with joy and happiness. He has learned from the example more than the words of his wife that the enjoyments of duty are irrespective of the results that follow their fulfillment, and that not in the feeble gratitude of man, but in self approval, and the faith of a heavenly recompense must we seek an earthly reward when earnestly endeavoring to improve the physical condition, enlighten the minds, or assuage the afflictions of our fellow creatures.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Three Thousand a Year;

OR,
HOW I CAME TO GET MARRIED.

BY JULIAN VINCENT.

"Well, I do declare! you beat anything ever I saw," and my friend Al. Dewal leaned back in his chair and enjoyed a hearty laugh at my expense. His exclamation was called forth by my having said that I had half a mind to renounce the world and go to the far-farwest, so glowingly described in novels. (I am very romantic) and living in communion with nature and nature's God, try to forget the cruel, heartless world in which we live, or remember it only as a thing past and gone never to return. There—that will do pretty well I THINK for a beautifully rounded period.

"Here you were," continued he, "just now in a regular gale of love for all womankind and especially a certain little black-eyed beauty, who has turned your head by one glance of her eyes, and the next instant wanting to leave the civilized world, go out west, kill deer and buffalo, find a white girl who had been stolen by the Indians when a child, try to rescue her, get taken prisoner, sentenced to be burnt, fastened to the stake, fire commence to scorch your shins, are just making up your mind to die like a man, and the lover of Leutralia the drooping rosebud, when lo! I, who like a dutiful friend, have been following you in your jaunts, appear at the head of a large company of hunters, trappers, &c., rescue you, kill all the Indians, burn their village, and return with you to see you married to your beloved Leutralia the sweet, drooping rosebud. There, won't that do for a history of your hairbreadth escapes?"

"My lot is hard enough," answered I, "there is no chance, that I can see, of my rising to wealth and station, and what makes it so much worse is that she of whom are my daily thoughts and nightly dreams, is so much above me in station, it is enough to discourage any one, even you with your light-hearted, careless manner would be discouraged by it."

"Not a bit of it," answered Al, "loving a pretty girl as you do, you ought to tell her of it not me, you never will get to be a Benedict if you choose some of your male friends to whom you may tell your tale of love, instead of the fortunate possessor of your seat of life, otherwise hark."

"Laying all jokes aside Al, can you think of any means by which I can better my fortunes as other folks do? think, you have a tolerable fertile brain."

"Can't think this evening," replied Al in his usually careless manner. "You'll have to do your own thinking, but I must go, Good bye," and away he went.

And now dear reader will you have any objection if I make a slight digression, in order to tell you of myself and also a few other little things up to this time, first of my humble self. I was living in the city of Baltimore, Al and myself being fellow clerks in the employ of "Mayland & Co., wholesale merchants." My salary was not large, but still, enough to enable me to lay by a few hundreds each year in expectation of the time when I should be received in the firm as junior partner, for, be it known, I was very ambitious, and though I was often cast down at the thoughts of the long time it would take for me to accomplish this desired end, still I looked for it as something that would come at last. And now I will tell you of one of the other little things I promised you, namely, the little black-eyed girl of whom Al spoke, her name was Miss Jennie Allen, a niece and ward of my principal employer, Mr. Mayland. I had been in her company but once, having called to see Mr. Mayland I was shown into the parlor and informed that he would be in presently. The only person who was in there was just finishing a piece of music on the piano. That person was a young lady, don't look bored reader for I know you are expecting an elaborate description of appearance, dress, and position, but you shall not have them, suffice it to say, she was young, pretty, dressed *a la mode* and, as I said before, sitting gracefully at the piano. Her uncle having entered, and introduced her as his niece she left the room almost instantly, but the short time that I had been in her company was enough to make me feel "SOMER QUEER" about the region of the heart. All that evening while toiling over the books making registries of Merchandise, sundries, &c, known only to a clerk in a wholesale house, visions of a finely modelled form, beautiful face, and such black eyes, would flit ever and anon across the page causing me to come very nearly making several blunders, and often to dip my pen in the wafer box instead of the ink. And the galling thought that she could never be mine had made me cry out against the merciless idea that no one ought to aspire to wed above their condition. And I also knew that it would be many a year before my fortune would equal that of the wealthy ward and niece of my employer. But to return to the place where Al left me. His last words were that I must think for myself. Well I would try. If I could hit upon some means of making a few thousand, why then I would stand a better chance. I thought of entering into speculations, but instantly rejected that as one in which I had no experience, and was likely to lose what I already had. After various twists and turns of my mind I concluded to lay the matter aside for future consideration.

Having taken up a paper to read the news I saw the astounding announcement that "\$3000 a year and no mistake," could be made by sending one three cent stamp, for particulars, to Humbug & Co., New York City. "Ye Gods!" thought I, "If I can only realize that amount for a year or two I would have enough capital to go in some store as a partner and stand a chance of taking a partner to myself. I will write an answer to this advertisement and see if what they say is true. As I have no doubt it is. So here goes."

Here's the precious epistle:

Messrs. Humbug & Co.—Having seen your proposition that for the paltry sum of three cents you will put young men in a light employment by which they can make "\$3000 a year and no mistake," I take the liberty of enclosing you the requisite stamp, and desire you to forward to me the much needed information as soon as possible, and oblige yours,

J. VINCENT.

I have one principle in my nature which has always, more or less, caused me trouble, that is credulity. Now it will seem to many of my readers that it was exceedingly silly in me to appear to be willing to leave a good situation and certain salary for the uncertain pay of an agent for selling some invention, as I supposed it would be, but I thought, I could make it if any one else could, and I believed that if Messrs. Humbug & Co., said so, it was true, and that was the reason I wrote to them.

In due time I received a reply explaining the *modus operandi* of making "\$3000 a year and no mistake," and ending, by proposing to furnish the first lot of the new invention for the sum of thirty dollars. I concluded to risk the thirty, and accordingly enclosed it to them, and soon after received the first instalment of the

labor saving self regulating double-work—invention. Then I proceeded to making arrangements for leaving, to commence my operations. I called upon Mr. Mayland after I had finished my day's work, for I had not allowed my personal business, so far, to interfere with that of my employers. On the street steps I met Miss Jennie and my love was not, in the least, diminished by the glimpse of pretty little black gaiters encasing the small feet of my fair innamorita, nor by hearing the sound of the heels going—up tap-tap on the pavement.

I informed the uncle of my determination to try a more lucrative business, but withheld from him what business it was. I noticed a smile lurking about his face, but he only said that if my expectations failed me, I would always find a friend in him. I thanked him for his good wishes and withdrew.

In the hall who should I meet but Jennie returning from her walk. Already visions of wealth and "3000 a year," was floating across my mental horizon, and I wanted to see if my departure, would have any effect upon her, for I began to flatter myself that my handsome face had made some impression upon her, and with the assistance of the three thousand a year, I expected some day to win and wear this brilliant gem. In accordance with the desire to see her emotions made manifest, I bowed and said:—

"Good evening Miss Jennie."

"Good evening," she replied in her sweetest tones, (N. B.—I began to feel very awkward.)

"Miss Jennie," with a mighty effort, "I am going away."

"Ah, indeed!" she replied. "When do you start?"

"Tomorrow evening."

"Will you be gone long?"

"I do not know, not very long, I reckon, a year or two," here I noticed that she turned slightly pale, and I added, "it is possible that I will come back in a month or such a matter. What do you think of my going, Miss Jennie?"

"That you'll be back here in a fortnight, Good bye." And away she went bounding up stairs.

Many were the dreams that danced through my sleeping mind that night, some in which a lovely black-eyed maiden would appear, bearing a large placard on which, in large letters, was inscribed "\$3000 a year and no mistake," others in which a pair of heeled gaiters would appear floating on a sea of three cent stamps.

The next evening I bade farewell to my adopted city in which I had experienced so much of joy and sorrow, and seated in a crowded railway car, was soon whirled many miles from the keeper of my heart.

Of my absence it is unnecessary to speak suffice it to say that my efforts to make the three thousand most signally failed, and I soon found that instead of money flowing into my pockets by hundreds that it was flowing out of it by tens; and I found at the end of two weeks that the invention would not sell and mechanical eyes were seeing faults about it that I never could have found out, so I returned.

On my return I called to see Al, who I had never told anything about leaving. I found him overjoyed at my safe return, "for," said he, "I thought you had gone off to get married, commit suicide or do something else equally bad." He thought the best thing I could do would be to try and get my old situation, it having not yet been filled. I called at the counting-room but found that my employer was not there and so I had to go to his house. In answer to my inquiry if my place had been filled, he said that it had not, but that I could not get it again. Somewhat surprised, I asked him the reason? He replied that as a punishment for going off on a wild-goose chase, he would make me fill the office of head clerk hereafter. This was just such a penalty as I would like to pay, so I thanked him for his kindness and was about to take leave, when, who should come in but Miss Jennie. The Uncle soon found room to leave. Then I asked:

"What do you think of my coming back?" Miss Jennie.

"That it was in a fortnight as I said it would be."

Well, there's no use of telling you all that we did say, enough that I told her something. After I got done telling her the something, I thought I heard yes come from the direction of her mouth and immediately thereafter a pretty brown head of hair was resting on my breast, and I believe that seeing a pair of pouting red lips, I was guilty of the outrage of kissing them. The sudden entrance of the uncle caused a certain arm to be taken from around a certain waist, a certain pair of snowy hands to commence smoothing the ruffled hair on a certain head, and a certain young gentleman of my acquaintance to assume a very upright posture as if he had not kissed a certain young lady. The old gentleman had in his hand a large book resembling very much the one that I had used. Noticing something suspicious he said,

"How now! what's out, eh? oh yes, been making some mutual confessions, have you. Well, my wife says I did so once so I won't blame you."

"Do you wish to give me some directions?" inquired I.

"Yes," he replied, "I want to warn you against making any more such blunders as I find in this book. You have made some false charges, here you have Humbug & Co., charged with one pair of heeled gaiters, and Miss Jennie Allen charged with '83000 a year and no mistake,' and various other false entries for which misconduct you shall be punished by marrying Jennie. What do you say?"

"That I agree with your decision and shall take the punishment as soon as this dear girl says."

"Reader, need I say more? Well I will whether I need or not. It turned out that the three thousand and no mistake was a Miss take for I did take Miss Jennie and have never since regretted the day that gave me the sweetest little black-eyed wife that ever was."

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

TERMS: \$2.00 per year, in advance; Clubs of ten and over, \$1.50, each. No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for.

Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro, N. C.

OUR PRIZE STORIES.

We have received a large number of stories, in competition for the prizes we have offered. They are now in the hands of the Committee, whose decision will be made this week, but not in time to be announced in this paper. We have a letter, however, from the Committee, after having read the most of them, saying: "We shall be able to select three very good stories for you—two VERY EXCELLENT; more than equal to any we have seen."

The first number of the new volume will be issued Christmas week, and to secure copies of these stories, the names of our subscribers should be in immediately.

CONGRESS.

The 36th Session commenced in Washington on Monday of last week. Up to Saturday night the House had failed to elect a speaker. The parties stand—

Administration Democrats.....88.
Republicans.....107.
Anti-Lecompton Dems.....14.
Southern Opposition.....23.

The last vote had, was on Friday, giving Sherman (B. R.) 110; Boccock, (Ad. D.) 88; Gilmer (S. O.) 20; Scattering 13. One hundred and sixteen votes are necessary to a choice. As was to be expected, much excitement exists as indicated in the debates. We suppose we will not receive the President's Message until the House is organized; and of this document, we learn from a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Clipper*, writing on Friday, that only a proof copy of it has as yet been printed, and that is in his own possession.

REV. M. L. WOOD.—We have a letter from Rev. M. L. Wood, of N. C. Conference, missionary to China, dated New York, December 9th. At time of writing he expected to sail the first of this week, and we presume ere this, is being wafted on the billows of the broad ocean to his distant field of labors.

The friends of Rev. M. L. Wood, now about to sail for Shanghai, China; and the friends of other missionaries there, will please cut out and preserve for reference, the following.

All letters for Bro. Wood should be addressed, "Rev. M. L. Wood, Shanghai, China," across one end of the letter, write, "Via Southampton." Prepay the postage, 23 cents, and mail at any post office. Papers, with both ends open, should be addressed in the same way, postage 4 cents, to be paid in advance.

DEATH OF THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE WYOMING MASSACRE.—Ass. A. Gore, of Preston, Connecticut, died in that town on the 1st inst., at the age of eighty-one years and five months. He was the last survivor of the Wyoming massacre, having been carried away when a child, in his mother's arms. His father and all his relations, but his mother, were killed.

PRIVATE CORNER.

ANNA M. BATES.—You will see by the poem in this number that your letter (always so acceptable) is to hand.

INA CLAYTON.—We have the pleasure to acknowledge another letter of poems from you.

Mrs. M. D. WILLIAMS.—Poems received. Accept of our thanks for your kindness.

PAUL RIVENWOOD.—Your article is received, and we will comply with your request.

M. M. MOSER.—We presume all is right.

GEO. W. COTHRAN.—Your letters are received. Will write you soon. Accept of our thanks.

MABEL LANSING.—We are ever glad to hear from you. Your last letter is just to hand.

THE WESTERN TRADE!

Advance in price.—The Cincinnati Gazette of Friday evening says:

There was an improvement of 10 cents per 100 pounds, in the price of hogs to-day and the advance in feeling was still greater. The receipts were considered moderate, being 7,000 head for the twenty-four hours, and the weather, which had for forty-eight hours been unfavorable, underwent a decided change, and this afternoon and evening it was cold, with a sharp northwest wind. The influence, with the pre-disposition that has been manifested for some days to adopt a short crop theory operated in favor of sellers, who realized an advance as stated, and at close were not anxious to sell good hogs for not less than \$6.50. The feeling late in the afternoon was quite buoyant, and \$6.25@6.30 was paid freely for hogs averaging 200 to 230 pounds.

The St. Louis Democrat of Thursday evening says:

Hogs are in good demand at \$5.25@5.60. It is rumored that a sale was made for a lot at \$6.25, but we did not get it from the contractors. Some 12,000 head have been killed by the St. Louis packers up to this evening, with the pens nearly empty. Sales reported to-day were 1,000 head, in three lots, at 5.25@5.60, on dividing weights.

200 head; netting 225 pounds, at \$6; and 400 head, in three lots \$5.75, \$5.90 and \$6, dividing on 180 and 200 pound's nett. The average weights of the hogs received so far, is light—less than 200 pounds, and prospects are not so fair for a very large crop, hence the high rates paid. The weather has turned cold, and packing is done with safety.

INTERESTING POSTAL DECISION.—Postmaster-General Holt has recently decided an interesting and novel question. A husband who had been separated from his wife, demanded that his village postmaster should deliver her letters to him, and threatened a suit at law if his demand was not complied with. The wife, on the other hand, forbade the delivery of her letters to the husband. In these circumstances, the postmaster appealed to Mr. Holt for instructions. That gentleman pronounces the claim advanced by the husband too preposterous to be seriously refuted—indeed, he says it is as absurd to law as it is to the Christian civilization of the age—and he directs the postmaster to deliver the letters to the wife.

MARRIED.

At Rome, Italy, by Monsignor Bedini, Archbishop of Thebes, ex-nuncio, in the United States, in his private chapel, on the 2nd of October, Enrico Elmi Barbiellini Amidei, Count of Santa Cristina, to Desirée Susan Bentejac, of Charleston, South Carolina.

On the 7th inst., Mr. John H. Holland to Miss Mary E. Edwards, all of Danville, Va.

On 24th Nov., Samuel D. Hicks, of Richmond, to Miss Laura M., daughter of Dr. Joseph B. Anderson.

On 24th Nov., Mr. John M. Swanson and Miss Rebecca C. Pritchett, all of Pittsylvania, Va.

On the 1st Dec., Mr. Wm. A. Payne and Miss J. P. Guerrant, all of Whitwell, Va.

On the 19th Nov., Capt. Isham Harris, to Miss Mary A., eldest daughter of Col. Craighton Bennett, of Pittsylvania, Va.

On the 6th Dec., Mr. Geo. W. Lacy and Miss Parka Ann Davis, of Pittsylvania, Va.

Mr. Jno. T. Craddock to Miss Maria I. Green, all of Pittsylvania county, Va., on the 20th of November.

Col. Fielding B. Lewis, of Boliver Miss., to Miss Samuella, daughter of S. B. Jennings Esq. in Milton N. C., 7th inst.

Rev. J. E. Mann, of the N. C. Conference, to Miss M. Miller, daughter of H. Miller Esq. in Winston, Dec. 2.

Mr. F. McKendree Shelton, to Miss Martha E. Kistler, in Hillsboro', N. C., on the 24th ult.

Mr. R. W. Woodward to Miss Sallie A. Brogden, all of Wayne county, on the 1st, inst., Mr. Daniel S. Bender, to Miss Sarah J. Wilder, in Wilmington on the 7th inst.

Sidney E. McMillan, Esq., of Marion, S. C., to Miss Adelaide, daughter of D. Sherwood Esq. in Wilmington, the 6th inst.

Mr. James C. Hall to Mrs. Frances A. Stevens, in Wilmington, the 7th inst.

GRAND DIVISION.—The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of North Carolina, met in Raleigh on Wednesday, December 7th, and adjourned on Thursday night following. The officers for the ensuing year are as follows:

Dr. J. F. Foard, Newbern, G. W. P.; Col. Wm. M. Grier, Mecklenburg, G. W. A.; A. M. Gorman, Raleigh, G. S.; W. K. Martin, Franklin, G. T.; W. D. Trotter, Greensboro, G. C.; Mr. Little, Mecklenburg, G. S.; Rev. R. L. Abernathy, Burke, G. Chaplin.

The next semi-annual Meeting will be held at Beaufort in July next, and the Annual Meeting at Lincolnton, on the 1st Wednesday in November, 1860.

GREAT ARTISTIC ATTRACTION.

The ECLECTIC MAGAZINE for January, 1860, will be embellished with two splendid plates: 1. The ECLECTIC, and the ECLECTIC LADIES OF HER COURT. 2. Beautiful Portraits of 9 Beautiful Ladies of the Royal Family.

The artistic embellishments and the literary attractions of the number are intended to be matchless. Other brilliant gems of art will follow. It is intended to place the artistic eye and taste of all lovers of choice reading. Ready for delivery December 16th.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1860, TWO SPLENDID PLATES ARE IN PREPARATION.

We invite the attention of all the lovers of choice reading to The ECLECTIC, its rich and varied contents, and its beautiful embellishments.

1. The ECLECTIC is a Monthly Magazine, of 144 pages or more, double columns, has no superior in literary merit or artistic embellishment.

2. Its letterpress is made up of the choicest articles, selected from 7 British Quarterly and 9 British Monthly.

3. The ECLECTIC, in one year, equals in printed matter any three other British Quarterly and 9 British Monthly.

4. The variety, richness, and influence of The ECLECTIC articles in all the departments of literature and popular science, both instructive and entertaining, stamp it as the best Magazine published. So the Press and eminent men say, in all parts of the land.

5. Every number of The ECLECTIC is splendidly embellished with one or more portraits or prints. Its fine Steel Plates and Engravings in 1859—worth more alone than the price of the work.

6. The ECLECTIC has acquired an established character as a standard work among literary men. It finds a place in many libraries.

FROM HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

"I concur in the highly favorable opinion of The ECLECTIC. I have been expressing by many eminent persons and in several leading journals. I have read it for three years, and find its contents judiciously selected, so as to present a great variety of instructive and interesting reading, and afford a fair specimen of the current literature of the day."

FROM HON. BUTLER, Louisville, Ky.

"The ECLECTIC MAGAZINE is one of the best guests that can be invited to a social gathering. Its influence must be good on every member. It is really more useful than would be the seven British quarterly, and the nine monthlies, the best of which it gives. It is the same thing, as if we took the whole of those periodicals, and employed a gentleman of taste to read them all over, and select the best for our own perusal."

FROM THE HON. JUDGE LEMPKIN, Athens, Ga.

"I have been a constant reader of The ECLECTIC for many years. Whether instruction or entertainment be the object, the selections of its articles, in my humble judgment, are unequalled. The engravings alone are worth the price of subscription."

FROM THE HON. JUDGE LONGSTREET, Pres. of S. C. College.

"I have long been a reader of The ECLECTIC MAGAZINE, and regard it as unsurpassed by any work of the kind in our country for valuable reading."

The commendations of the Press are many and generous.

All lovers of choice reading and beautiful art-prints and engravings are invited to send their orders for the coming year. Each subscriber to the work, or any person who sends a new name with the pay in advance, will be entitled to a choice of either of two beautiful premium engravings, each worth \$4.00. No intelligent family, no young lady or young gentleman, should be without the gems of art and the treasures of literature to be found in The ECLECTIC.

TERMS.—The ECLECTIC is issued on the first of every month. Each number contains 144 large octavo pages, on fine paper, neatly stitched in green covers, with portraits by Mahan. The twelve numbers comprise three volumes, of 600 pages each, with titles, indexes, and embellishments. Price \$5. The postage is only three cents a number, prepaid at the office of delivery. The January number for 50 cents, any other for 42 cents, sent in postage stamps.

W. H. BIRDWELL, No. 5 Beekman street, N. Y.

SEAGARS.—Twenty-five thousand choice Sugars just received, which will be sold wholesale and retail, cheap for cash. dec7-4f S. ARCHER & CO.

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE.—The Spring Session of 1860 will open on the 15th of January, 1860. Those who wish to enter their daughters at that time, will please inform me at an early date, that I may reserve rooms for them. Charges as before. dec7-6f T. M. JONES.

JOHN R. LONDON, Late of Wilmington, N. C. Late of Raleigh, N. C.

LONDON & BRYAN, GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 32 India street, London, Miss., will devote their attention to the sale of naval stores, cotton, lumber, and Southern produce generally; also to purchasing and shipping all orders for goods, &c. We are prepared to extend the usual facilities to all consignments. dec7-ly

GEO. H. KELLEY'S NEW BOOK STORE, No. 27, Market Street, Wilmington, N. C.

Keeps constantly on hand every variety of School Books, Miscellaneous Books, Blank Books, Drawing Book, Music Books, Foolscap and Letter Papers, Ladies' Note and Bill Paper, Artist Materials of all kinds, Letter Presses, Letter Copying Books, Inks, Pencils, Envelopes, Law Books, Doctor Books, Drawing Papers, Lithographs for Grecian and Oil Paintings, Wm. Knabe & Co's Celebrated Piano Fortes, Grover & Baker Sewing Machines, and Conner Sewing Machines. All orders for any of the above articles promptly filled and forwarded by mail, Rail Road or otherwise. July 30-1-y.

WASHINGTON HOTEL. Change of Proprietors.

Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating terms.

His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.

The Washington Hotel has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the business streets than any other in the city.

An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge.

By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.

Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.

JOHN F. JONES, January 1st-1-y.

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE, Greensboro, N. C.

Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., President, and Professor of Natural Sciences and Belles-Lettres. S. Lander, A. M., Treasurer, and Professor of Latin and Mathematics.

Theo. F. Wolfe, Professor of Music. W. C. A. Frerichs, Professor of Drawing, Painting and French.

Miss Bettie Carter, Miss Lizzie Mayhew, Miss E. E. Morphis, Miss A. M. Hagen, Miss A. M. Howlett, Miss Fannie Oghorn, Miss Pattie Cole, Miss L. C. Van Vleet, Teacher of Guitar. Miss Josephine M. Flint, Teacher of Vocal Music.

Rev. J. Bethel, Mrs. J. Bethel, Miss ———, Boarding Department.

Terms per Session of Twenty-one Weeks. Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c., (lights extra) \$60; Tuition, \$20; Incidental Tax, \$1; French, \$10; Latin or Greek, \$5; Oil Painting, \$20; other styles in proportion; Music on Piano, \$22.50; Music on Guitar, \$21; Graduation Fee \$5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

The Collegiate year begins on the last Thursday in July, and ends on the second Thursday in June.

The winter uniform is Mazarine blue merino, and straw bonnets trimmed with blue; summer, plain white jaquet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.

For further information apply to the President (11-1-y)

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER MONTHS.—The best book for Agents, to persons out of employment.

An elegant Gift for a Father to Present to his Family! Send for One Copy, and try it among your Friends!—

WANTED.—Agents in every section of the United States, to circulate Sears' Large Type Quarto Bible, for Family Use—Entitled The People's Pictorial Domestic Bible, with about One Thousand Engravings!!

This useful book is destined, if we can form an opinion from the Notices of the Press, to have an unprecedented circulation in every section of our wide spread continent, and to form a distinct era in the sale of our works.—It will, no doubt, in a few years become The Family Bible of the American People.

The most liberal remuneration will be allowed to all persons who may be pleased to procure subscribers to the above. From 50 to 100 copies may easily be circulated and sold in each of the principal cities and towns of the Union. It will be sold by subscription only.

Application should be made at once, as the field will soon be occupied.

Persons wishing to act as agents, and do a safe business, can send for a specimen copy.—On receipt of the established price, Six Dollars, the Pictorial Family Bible, with a well-bound Subscription Book, will be carefully boxed, and forwarded per express, at our risk and expense, to any central town or village in the United States, excepting those of California, Oregon, and Texas.

Register your Letters, and your money will come safe.

In addition to the Pictorial Bible, we publish a large number of Illustrated Family Works, very popular, and of such a high moral and unexceptionable character, that while good men may safely engage in their circulation, they will confer a Public Benefit, and receive a Fair Compensation for their labor.

Orders respectfully solicited. For further particulars, address the subscriber, (post paid), ROBERT SEARS, 181 William Street, New York.

SOMETHING NEW! Misses', Boys', Youth's and Children's Boots and Shoes with Metallic tips. One pair will last as long as two or three of the ordinary make. To be had at BOONE'S, October, 11.

THE OLD NORTH STATE, FOR—ever. Look here, friends and Fellow-citizens, will you buy the noble State of North-Carolina? If so, send to the subscribers, or subscribe to the County Agent, for this

New, Large and Magnificent Map And you will get the whole State, with her Rivers, Rail-roads, Gold, Copper, Lead, Iron and Coal Mines, and all the Cities, Towns and Villages, her noble Mountains and Springs, and her Fields and Flowers.

If you want this GOLDEN PRIZE, now is the time. Map seven feet by five. Border views of the State House, Insane Asylum, Chapel Hill, Male and Female Colleges, &c., &c., one of the cheapest and best Maps ever published.

PEARCE & BEST, Hillsboro', N. C. 1859.

AGENTS WANTED for Every County in the State. Terms liberal. Apply as above.

THE DAILY BULLETIN AND CATAWBA JOURNAL, Published by H. L. ALEXANDER & Co., Charlotte, N. C. These Papers (embracing the Tri-Weekly Bulletin,) established in the town of Charlotte, N. C., afford unusual advantages to Advertisers both at home and abroad, as they command a circulating medium of Over Three Thousand Copies Per Week, which we have no doubt are read by at least Ten Thousand persons each week, a large proportion of whom are Planters and their families.

As a means of Advertising we are confident that great advantages can be obtained through this establishment, hence we embrace this opportunity to inform our friends and the Mercantile communities on the Seaboard, (Charleston and Wilmington,) that our facilities for circulating their business Notices throughout Western North Carolina and the adjoining Districts in South Carolina are extensive and complete.

Our terms are liberal and a large deduction will be made on the bills of Contract Advertisers. 47-

KERSEY LINSEY. Negro Blankets, Stripes and Plaids 4 & 1. Brown and Bleached cotton Cloths, Satinets, Casimeres, Cloths, Tweed Jeans, North Carolina Jeans, Ticking and Flannels at

JOHN F. JONES, Nov. 1st 1859. COLE & AMIS.

Professional Cards.

GEO. W. COTHRAN, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR, at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y. 105-1f.

CALEB G. DUNN, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR, at Law, 80 Nassau St. New York. Will promptly and faithfully attend to business entrusted to his care. Particular attention paid to the collections of claims.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. W. HOWLETT & SON, DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C. 1-1y.

J. W. EVANS, NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE, and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street, Richmond, Va. Subscriptions received for the Times.

GEORGE T. WHITE, CITY OF JEFFERSON, MISSOURI. Will attend the different COURTS held at the Capital, and in the adjoining counties.

Also, to the collection of debts, and persons who wish to have investments made in the West, may be assured, that his long acquaintance here, would enable him to make selections greatly to their advantage.

JACOB T. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HIGH POINT, N. C. Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 11-1y

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands. Jan. 8, 1857. 6-1y.

JAMES S. PATTERSON, PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 1 Spruce Street, opposite city hall, New York. Country orders carefully attended to. Feb. 1859. 6-1y

NEW FIRM. PORTER & GORRELL, Successors to T. J. Patrick, Wholesale and Retail DRUGGISTS, Greensboro, N. C. [4-1y]

COLE & AMIS. 1859. FALL TRADE. 1859. We take this opportunity of announcing to the citizens of Greensboro, and to the public generally, that we are now in receipt of one of the largest stock of goods that we have ever offered in this place. In our stock may be found a full assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's dress goods, and every style of goods adapted to the season. In all of which we challenge competition both in price and quality. Greensboro, Nov. 1st, 1859.

READY MADE CLOTHING. Our stock is complete including Overcoats, Coats, Vests and Pants in great variety. Do not purchase before examining our assortment. Nov. 1st 1859. COLE & AMIS.

GROCERIES. Sole Leather, Coffee, Sugar, Molasses, Lard and Tanner's Oil, Cheese, Nails and everything pertaining to the Grocery trade. Besides a full assortment of Wood-Ware at COLE & AMIS. Nov. 1st 1859.

LOOK AT THIS. W. C. DONNELL having purchased the Photographic Gallery, formerly owned by R. L. Donnell, is taking pictures at Fifty Cents and upwards!!

Having just received a large and well-assorted variety of cases, he respectfully invites the Public generally to call and examine specimens and give him a trial, and if he does not please he makes NO CHARGE.

Room second Story Garrett's Brick Building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C. 38-1y.

P. A. TATUM, Wholesale and retail dealer in Fruits, Candies, Preserves, Nuts, Pickles, Perfumery, Segars, Tobacco, Snuff, Fancy Articles, &c., &c. Garrett's New Brick Building, Greensboro, N. C. 41-1y.

\$50.00 SEWING MACHINES.—THE QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or unravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.

All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North-Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs. Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable per cent. to all persons taking agencies.

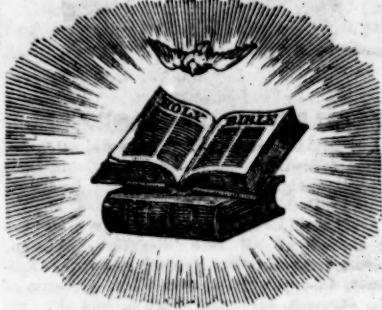
J. & F. GARRETT, Agents. Gseensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd., 1859.

GREENSBORO HIGH SCHOOL. The next Session will commence Monday, the 1st of August, Boys in this School will be prepared for entering any class in College; and special attention will be given to such as wish only a good practical English Education. Tuition per session of Twenty weeks \$20. One dollar for Contingencies is required of each Student in advance.

JOHN E. WHARTON, Principal, June 20, 1859. 178f.

Blank Warrants.—For sale at this Office

Children's Department.



EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER.
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

Something for the noble hearted
Printer-boys who read the Times.
THE PRINTER-BOY "OF THE OLDEN
TIME."

I'll sing the song of a Printer Boy,
Whose bright and honored name
Stands out in glowing capitals
Upon the scroll of fame—
Who, in the days that tried men's souls,
In freedom's darkest night—
Stood manfully with Washington,
And battled for the right:
BEN FRANKLIN was the Printer Boy—one of
the olden time.

And it was that boy who flew his kite,
To the chamber clouds on high,
And brought the forked lightning down,
From the regions of the sky;
'Twas he who caught this fiery horse,
And tamed him for the chase,
Till now he's driven safe by Morse,
Light to the printer's case,
BEN FRANKLIN was that Printer Boy—one of
the olden time.

Long shall the world extol his name—
The patriot and the sage—
Who, truly justified by faith,
Was proved by every page;
His form, corrected and revised,
Is now worked off and pressed;
A new edition in the press,
A star among the best.
All honor to the Printer Boy—one of the olden
time.

And now, my brother types, take
This tender for your guide;
Follow corrected copy, and
A errors mark outside;
Be frugal, chaste and temperate—
Stick to the golden rule—
And you shall stand among the stars,
In the printing office school.
Just imitate the Printer Boy—one of the olden
time.

Here is something for all of my lit-
tle readers about
THE FAMILY "OF THE OLDEN TIME."

I saw Content the other day,
Sit by her spinning wheel,
And plenty in a wooden tray,
Of wheat and Indian meal.

Health, also, at the table sat,
Dining upon a ham;
But Appetite demanded yet
A cabbage and a clam.

Wealth sat enthroned upon a green
And fragrant load of hay;
And Happiness compelled a dog
Behind his cart to play.

Delight was chasing butterflies,
With laughter and with joy;
Affection gazed with ardent eyes
Upon the sweet employ.

Beauty was watering flowers
Beside the cottage door;
And Pleasure spoke about a tour
To Mr. Staple's store.

Justice bid good morrow and
Invited me to tea;
But Jolly bid me stay away,
Unless I came with Glee.

Patience sat in an easy-chair,
Unraveling a skein;
While mirth with roguish eye and air,
Would tangle it again.

Benevolence had built a tower
Of pudding, bread and meat
And bid Compassion take it o'er
To want across the street.

But I was gratified to see
Easy, and free, and fair,
With innocence upon his knee,
Old Satisfaction there.

He took me by the hand, and
Led me down a vista green,
Where Fan and Frolic antics played,
Two ancient oaks between.

But best of all, it was to find,
That Love, the day before,
The fopling dress had kicked behind,
And tossed him out of door.

And now, kind reader, if you choose
This family to know,
A FARMER'S here, I'll introduce—
A "HUNDRED YEARS AGO."

POWER OF KINDNESS.

A young school teacher had one
large boy, Joe Stanton, who was a
ringleader of all mischief. The first
day he managed to make the school a
scene of rousery and confusion. The
poor teacher went home with a heavy
heart. The next day she thought if
she could gain the confidence of this
boy, and have him on her side, she
should have but little trouble with her
school. As it closed in the afternoon
she spoke kindly to him, and asked
his help in closing the school-room
door. He readily complied. As she

turned homeward, Joe followed. At
length she inquired:

"Have you any sisters, Joseph?"

The right cord was touched.

"I had one sister," he said, "lit-
tle Mary, but she died;" and thus en-
couraged by the ready sympathy of
the listener, he went on to tell that
Mary was his only sister, and that he
used to take care of her, and carry her
out of doors, and draw her in the wag-
on he had made for her, and that she
loved him "more than any one else
did," and always used to run to the
door to meet him when he came home.
"But she is dead, now," he added,
"and I have not anybody that takes
care of me. She had a fever, and
she did not know me when I spoke to
her, and just one week she died. Her
grave is right over here," he continued,
"and perhaps you would like to see it
some time."

The teacher willingly went with him
asking still further about little Mary,
as they passed along till at length, as
they approached the grave and sat
down upon a stone near it, poor Joe
could no longer wipe away the tears
as he had done, when, one by one,
they trickled down, for the fountains
within were broken up. He covered
his face with his hands and wept aloud.

"She's dead," he exclaimed again
"and nobody cares for me now."
"I will care for you, Joseph," said
the kind teacher, as she laid her hands
upon his now uncovered head; and
she spoke to him of Heaven, and the
happy meeting of those whom death
has severed, and of One who cares for
us more than all earthly friends and
who will help us if we wish to do right.

Then as he grew calm, and they had
risen to go, she told him of all her own
sorrow—of the father whom she had
lost—of her loneliness—of her wish to
be useful while she supported herself
by teaching—of how hard the West-
brook school seemed to her, and how
she meant to do the best she could for
him, and for all her scholars. "I'll
help ye, Miss Mason," responded Joe.
"I'll help you all I can," and then,
the old mischievous twinkle coming
again he added, "I guess the rest of
the boys won't trouble you much—
They'll do pretty much as I want 'em
to."

Joe was subdued and won by the
power of kindness. And hard indeed
must be the heart that kindness can-
not win.

CONFESSION OF INFIDELITY.

"I seem," says Hume, "affright-
ed and confounded with the solitude
in which I am placed by my philoso-
phy. When I look abroad, on every
side I see dispute, contradiction, dis-
traction. When I turn my eye inward
I find nothing but doubt and ignorance.
Where am I? or what am I? From
what cause do I derive my existence?
To what condition shall I return? I
am confounded with questions. I be-
gin to fancy myself in a most deplor-
able condition, environed with dark-
ness on every side." Voltaire says:
"The world abounds with wonders,
and also with victims. In man is
more wretchedness than in all other
animals put together." How did he
judge of it? By his own heart. He
says: "Man loves life, yet he knows
he must die; spends his existence in
diffusing the miseries he has suffered
cutting the throats of his fellow-crea-
tures for pay—cheating and being
cheated. The bulk of mankind," he
continues, "are nothing more than a
crowd of wretches, equally criminal,
equally unfortunate. I wish I had
never been born." Hear what St.
Paul says: "I have fought the good
fight, I have finished my course, I
have kept the faith. Henceforth there
is laid up for me a crown of righteous-
ness, which the Lord, the righteous
Judge, will give me at that day; and
not to me only, but unto all them also
that love his appearing."—2 Tim. iv.
Lutheran Observer.

Prayer is the rustling of the wings
of the angels that are on their way
bringing us the boons of heaven.—
Have you heard praying in your heart?
You shall see the angel in your house.
When the chariots that bring us bless-
ings do rumble, their wheels do sound
with prayer. We hear the prayer in
our own spirits, and that prayer be-
comes the token of the coming bless-
ings. Even as the cloud foreshadow-
eth the rain, so prayer foreshadoweth
the blessing; even as the green blade
is the beginning of the harvest, so is
prayer the prophecy of the blessing
which is about to come.—Spurgeon.

USEFUL INFORMATION

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."
An immense store of rich knowledge is at hand in the world, scat-
tered in paragraphs and old corners of nearly every monthly, weekly
and daily periodical; and which, if combined together, culled
and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information,
valuable to the man of science, the professional artist, the in-
ventive mechanic, and the house keeper.

The Orchard.

HINTS ON PLANTING TREES.—1. Have
the land where you intend to set out fruit
trees in the best condition; well supplied
with both the organic and inorganic ele-
ments of fertility. Do not depend on
your supposed ability to enrich, by manur-
ing after the trees are planted. You may
keep the land in good condition, but no
amount of after care will entirely make
up for the want of it at and previous to
the time of planting.

2. If the soil is not drained naturally, it
must be done artificially, for if water is
allowed to lie around the roots of your
trees, they will not thrive. The land
should be broken with a subsoil plow,
the deeper the better and drains laid be-
tween where the rows of trees are in-
tended to be set. Tile makes the best
drain for this purpose, as the roots of
your trees are less apt to get in and choke
them up, which they will do in every
other kind.

3. Dig your holes wide and deep. Fill
up to within a foot of the top with nice
mellow surface soil; sods, the grassy side
down, may be put at the bottom. These
holes should all be prepared before ob-
taining your trees. Should the subsoil be
a hardpan, and contain water, it must be
ad off. No tree but a willow, or other
semi-aquatic, will thrive under such cir-
cumstances.

4. Obtain your trees from a reliable
nursery-man—one who has got a character
to lose—as otherwise, you may be dis-
appointed when fruit begins to show. If
you have an opportunity to inspect the
removal from the nursery rows, personally
all the better. Be sure that every tree
has got good roots—by this is meant plenty
of fibres—and that the wood is in a healthy
condition. The size, in our opinion
is a secondary consideration. We prefer
young trees; say, for pears, two years from
the bud or graft; apples, the same or not
over three; peaches, one year, and cher-
ries not over two. Plants at this age are
more easily removed, and suffer less; their
roots are also less apt to be cut up and
mangled. From all these causes, there is
less check in growth, and they establish
themselves better in their permanent position.
Some think that there is a loss of
time in selecting such young trees, but
this is a great mistake. They soon out-
grow the older ones.

5. Do not let the roots get dry. The
shorter time plants are out of the ground
the better. Exposure to sun and wind
should be avoided. If the leaves have not
all fallen, remove them by hand, otherwise
they will exhaust the trees.

6. In planting, do not set deeper than
the plant stood in the nursery rows. Fill
in carefully with good mellow surface soil,
working it among the roots with your
fingers, taking care that no empty spaces
are left. Every rootlet should occupy its
natural position, and be well spread in
the hole. Don't be in a hurry to do the job
well, if you desire to succeed in making
all your trees live.

ESSENTIALS FOR FRUIT TREES.—Fruits
may be successfully cultivated in almost
all localities, by observing the following
requisites:

1st. Wood ashes, containing, as they
do, all the elements necessary to their
growth, except carbon, which is derived
from the air, afford congenial elements for
all trees and woody growth.

2d. That lime, whether in the form of
mud, shell, plaster, or stone lime, as a
specific for apple trees, and that apples
are largest and finest grown in a calcare-
ous soil.

3d. That phosphates, in the form of
bones, (which are principally composed of
phosphate of lime,) or prepared super-
phosphates, are specifics for pears and
grapes.

4th. That ammoniacal manures, as
guano, horse-dung and urine, are specifics
for the peach, and give flavour and spirit
to all other fruits.

FARMING FOR YOUNG MEN.—If a
young man wants to engage in a business
that will insure him, in middle life, the
greatest amount of leisure time, there is
nothing more sure than farming. If he
has an independent turn of mind, let him
be a farmer. If he wants to engage in a
healthy occupation, let him till the land.
In short, if he would be independent, let
him get a spot of earth. Keep within
his means to shun the lawyers; be honest,
to have a clear conscience; improve
the soil so as to leave the world better
than he found it; and then if he cannot
live happily and die content, there is no
hope for him.

TOBACCO CROPS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—
Elihu Baldwin, of East Whately, Mass.,
raised during the past season twenty-nine
hundred pounds of tobacco from one acre
of land. Paoli Lathrop, of South Had-
ley, Mass., raised sixty-seven hundred
pounds from three acres, which he sold
for \$1150.

Salad for the Solitary.

With brush-wood, Judgement timber; the one gives the greatest
flame, the other yields the durablest heat; and both meeting make
the best fire.

QUESTION, By Marcus.—A Boy hav-
ing chestnuts, being asked how many he
had, replied; "I have as many in my
left pocket as in the other, but if I had
18 more in each than I now have, I would
have as many in the left pocket as in the
other." How many had he in both pocket-
ets?

Answer next week.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.—Once two
ministers of the gospel were conversing on
extemporaneous preaching.

"Well, said the old divine, waxing warm,
you are a running yourself by writing
your sermons and reading them off—
Your congregation can not become inter-
ested in your preaching; and if you were
called upon to preach unexpectedly, un-
less you could get hold of an old sermon,
you would be completely confuted."

The young divine used all his eloquence
but in vain to convince the old gentle-
man that the written sermon expressed
his own thought and feelings, and if called
upon, he could preach extemporaneously.

"As we are of the same faith," said the
young minister, "suppose you try me next
Sabbath morning. On a Sunday the pul-
pit you can find me a text; from any part
of the Bible, and I will convince you that
I can preach without having looked at the
text before I stood up. Likewise, I must be
allowed the same privilege with you, and
see who will make the best of it."

The idea seemed to delight the old gen-
tleman, and it was immediately agreed
upon.

The following Sabbath, on mounting the
pulpit, his senior brother handed him a
slip of paper, on which was written:
"And the apostle opened his mouth and spake;
from this he preached a glorious sermon,
claiming the attention of his delighted
hearers and charming his old friend with
his eloquence."

In the afternoon, the younger brother,
who was sitting below the pulpit, handed
his slip. After arising and opening the
Bible, the old man looked sadly around.
"Am I not thine ass?" Posing a few mo-
ments, he ran his fingers through his hair,
straightened his collar, blew his nose
like the last trumpet and read aloud—
"Am I not thine ass?" Another pause,
in which a deadly silence reigned. Af-
ter reading the third time—"Am I not
thine ass?" he leaned over the pulpit at
his friend and in a doleful voice said—
"I think I am Brother."

LATE SUPPERS.—Here is an inter-
esting paragraph for those who indulge in
late suppers just before going to bed:

"Fifteen minutes before bed time, cut
up one dozen cold boiled potatoes, add a
few slices of cold cabbage, with five or
six pickled cucumbers. Eat heartily,
and wash down with a pint of cream ale—
Undress and jump into bed. Lie flat on
your back, and in half hour or thereabouts,
you will dream the devil is sitting on your
chest, with the Bunker Hill Monument
in your lap."

The charge of a judge is often hard to
stand; that of a soldier harder still; that
of a broker or hack-driver hardest of all.

Quills are things that sometimes are
taken from the pinions of one goose to
spread the opinions of another.

Courting a lady for her money, a wag
terms "pursue-student Cupidity!"

Young ladies are like arrows—they are
all in a quiver till the beaux come, and
can't go off without them.

"Yes," said a kind mother of one of
our city churches, helping her little son
to learn his Sunday school lesson, "Cain
was a fugitive and a vagabond on the
earth; he was so bad that he thought
every man would slay him. Where could
wicked Cain go to?"

"Why, mother," replied thoughtful
Johnny, "Cain would have gone to Balti-
more."

THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T PAY THE
PRINTER.—May he be shot with light-
ning and compelled to wander over deserts
of gunpowder.

May he have sore eyes, and a chestnut
burr for an eye stone.

May his sorrows double daily and his
days lengthen in the same ratio that his
sorrows are multiplied.

May every day of his life be more des-
perate than the Day of Algiers.

May he never again be permitted to see
the face of fair woman; and he bored to
death by boarding school misses practicing
their first lessons of music without
the privilege of seeing his tormentors.

May he on putting on a tight boot,
find a live hornet in the bottom. May he
be rode on a rail, after getting his
boot on, with the sharp edge up, with a
bushel bag of sand tied to each leg,
by a torchlight procession, and hissed at
by all the boys in ten miles around.

May a troop of Printer's Devils, lean,
lank and hungry, dog his heels day by
day, and may the famine stricken ghost
of an editor's baby haunt his evening
tollaby, and hiss murder in his dream-
ing ear.

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August, 1st, 1858. 134-14.

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